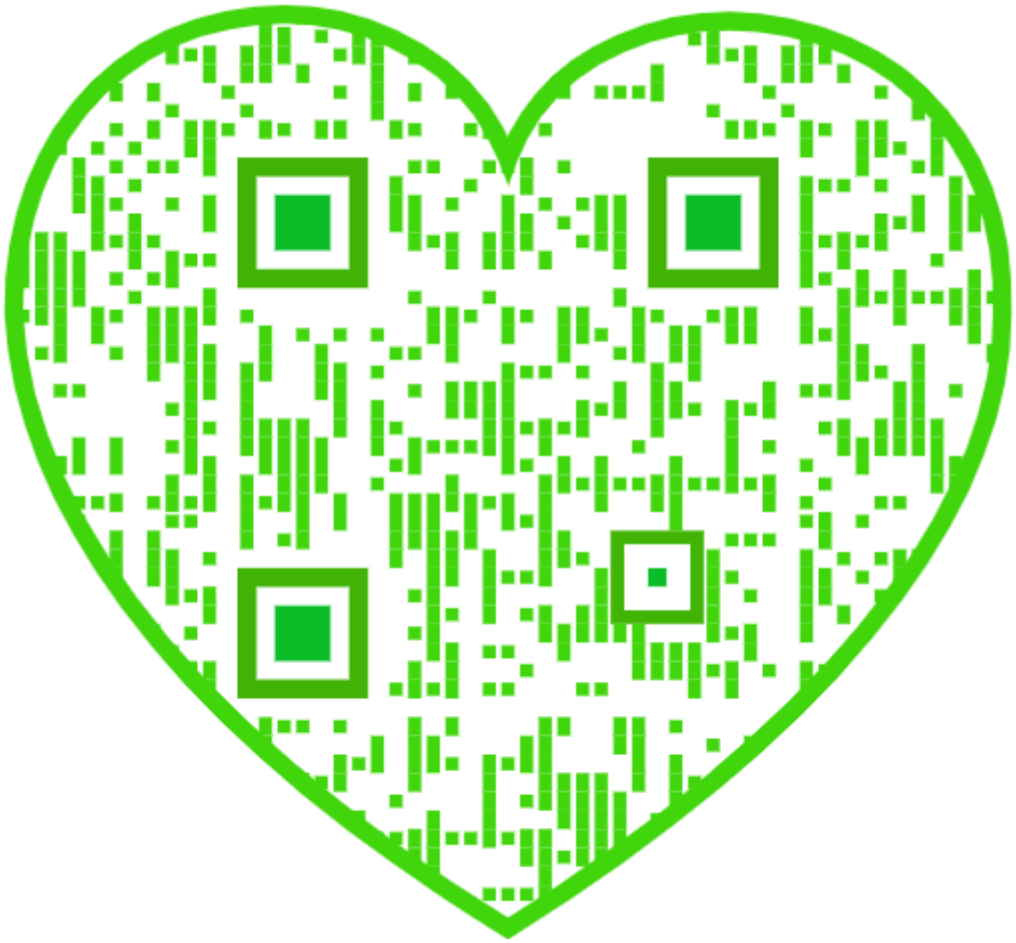
YOUNG PEOPLES HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN



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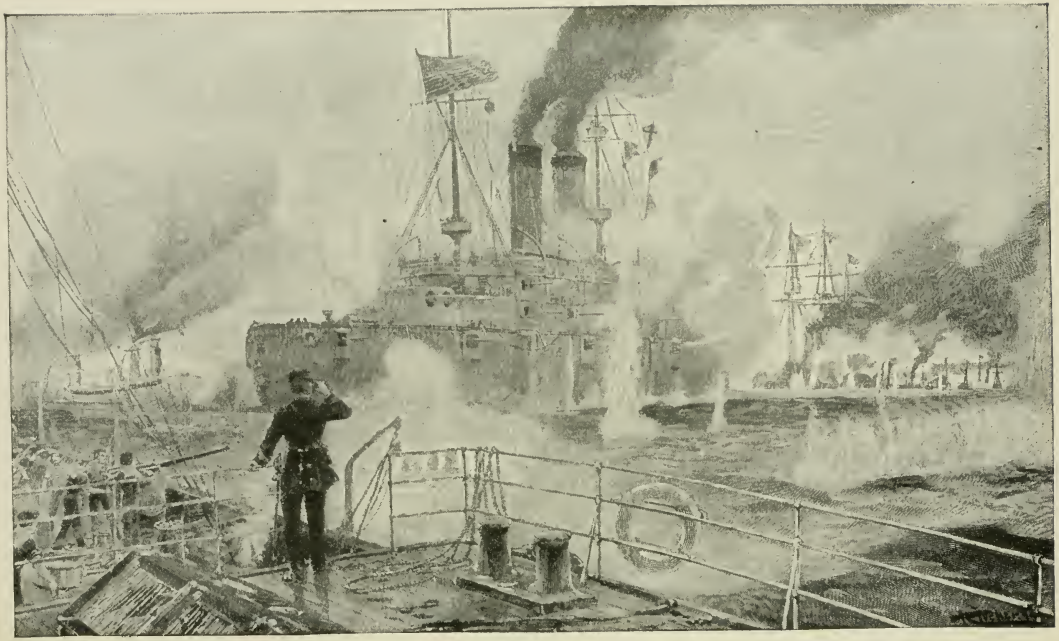

The Battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898. View from the deck of the "Petrel."

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY

OF THE

WAR WITH SPAIN

BY

PRESCOTT HOLMES

WITH EIGHTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS

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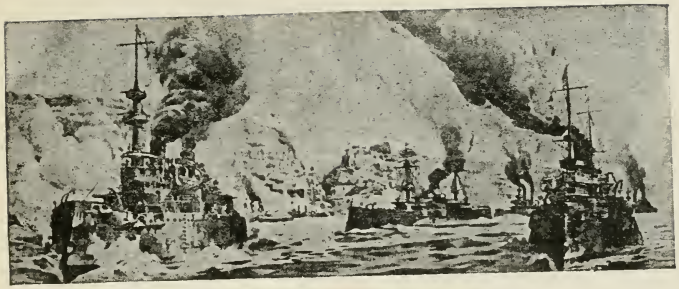


INTRODUCTORY.

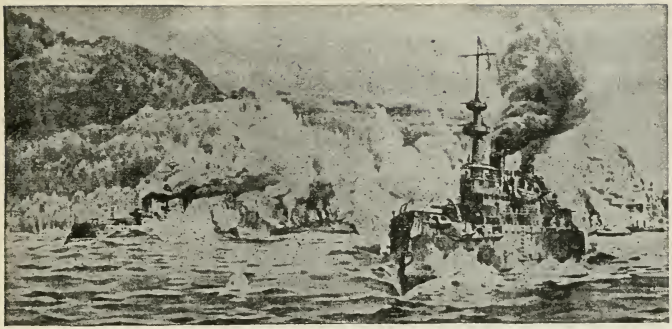
THE brief war between the United States and Spain was the outgrowth of the humanity of the American people and their love of fair play. They did not stand idly by when Spain was literally starving the people of Cuba into subjection to her will, but freely and generously sent food, medicine and clothing to the sufferers.

When Spain's cruelty to the Cubans became intolerable to the civilized world, the United States intervened in the name of humanity and right, and demanded that the oppression should cease. Spain resented this, and the war followed.

Much has been said and written regarding our conduct of the war, and the grave scandals that arose from it; but it is not the purpose of this volume to discuss these other than to say that, the work of the navy was clean and beyond question, while it is clear to every one that there was gross mismanagement on the part of army officials.

The army performed as splendid achievements as the navy, but did it under much greater difficulties. Regulars and volunteers fought side by side, and equally deserve our praise; but they were corralled in filthy camps, stowed between the dirty decks of crowded transports, and despatched to Cuba in a manner of which a cattle shipper would be ashamed. They were flung against the ingenious defences of the Spaniards, cold, wet and hungry, and to their indomitable spirit alone we owe the victories in Cuba.

The boys and girls of America cannot fail to be deeply interested in the story of the splendid deeds of our army and navy in the year of our Lord 1898, and it is for them that this history has been prepared.



YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE SPANISH WAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

ON April 21st, 1898, a war began between the United States and Spain. All the other countries of the world felt an interest in it, but did not take any part in it. They were what we call "neutral" —that is, they did not help either side.

As soon as the war was proclaimed a great wave of excitement swept through the United States, from shore to shore. Flags were hung out in every city and town; thousands of men offered to serve in the army—volunteers they were called; and many persons offered to help in other ways. The people were not glad that war had begun, but they felt that their country was doing right, and that they ought to support her efforts.

And what was the cause of the war? Spain, a large country across the Atlantic Ocean, in the southwestern part of Europe, owned some of the islands, called "West Indies," near the United States. Spain had been unjust and cruel to the people living in one of these islands, for many years. Several times the unhappy islanders tried to drive the Spanish from the island, and set up a government of their own, but Spain sent so many soldiers there that they could not get their freedom. They fought bravely, however, but matters kept getting worse and worse, and at last Spain sent a very cruel general to take charge of affairs in the island. His name was Weyler, and he determined to conquer the islanders. After a while he found he could not do it by fighting them, so he sent his soldiers to drive those who were not fighting away from their homes and farms and make them live in or near the large cities. When he had done this, the people had no way to earn money to buy food for themselves and their families, and soon they began to get sick and to die of starvation. The cruel Weyler would not give them anything to eat, and so they died by thousands.

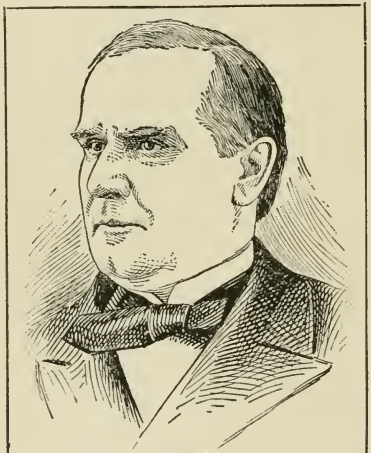
Cuban Flag.

When this dreadful state of affairs became known

in the United States, kind people sent several ship-loads of food and medicines and clothing to the sufferers. This did a great deal of good, but all the poor people could not be reached and they continued to die. Finally, the United States told Spain that she ought not to have such a cruel man at the head of affairs, and after a while Spain sent another general to take his place. This new governor's name was Blanco, and he really tried to help the poor people, but Spain had very little money to send him to buy food for them, and so they went on dying. The soldiers, too, were in a very bad condition; they had not been paid for a great many months; they did not have enough to eat, and so they too sickened and died by thousands. You can see that unless something was done to help the poor people, they would all die and their beautiful island would become a wilderness.

Besides being very proud, Spain was very poor. She had spent millions of dollars trying to conquer the islanders, and had no money to buy food for the sufferers that she had driven from their homes and huddled like cattle in yards and gloomy inclosures. So she asked the United States to help feed them, and the Red Cross Society, of which I will tell you later, sent hundreds of tons of food, medicines and clothing to them. These supplies were distributed by competent persons, and the relief was very great, but very soon some of the Spaniards began to say that the United States had no business to interfere in the affairs of the island, and to stir

up the people. The feeling became so strong that our representative, Consul-General Lee, notified the authorities in the United States that, the lives and property of American citizens living in the island were not safe. It was for this reason that the battleship Maine was sent to Havana, the chief city of the island. I will tell you about this ship later.

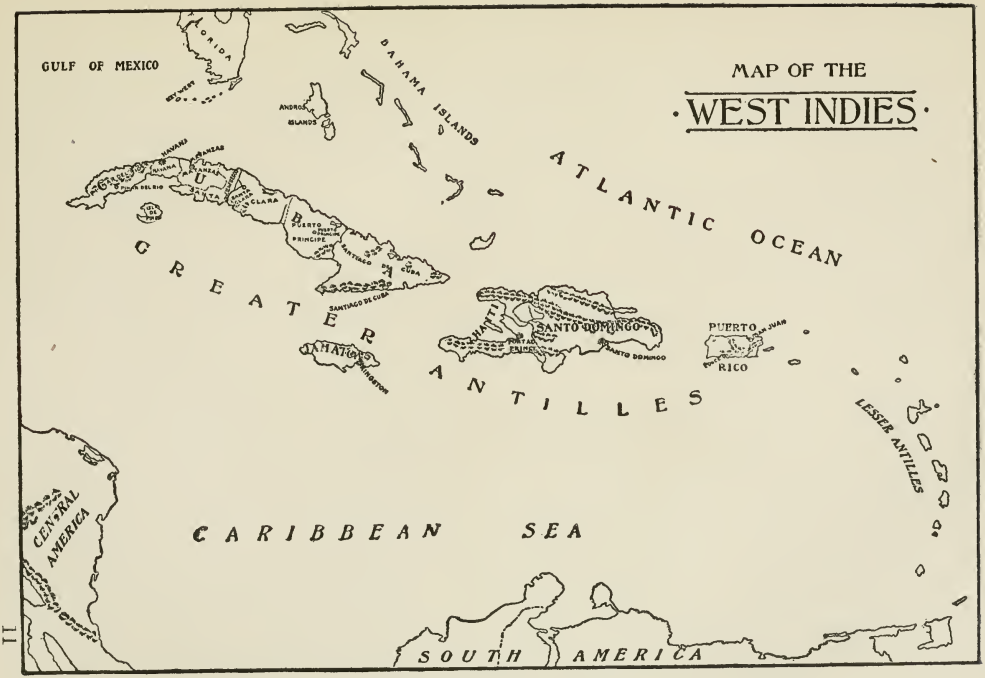


President McKinley.

Well, in spite of all that the United States had done to help Spain, matters grew worse, and finally the United States was obliged to tell Spain that, unless she took her soldiers away from the island and let the people govern themselves, she would help them to become a free and independent nation. When Spain received this message, she regarded it as a declaration of war, and both sides prepared for the conflict.

But before telling you about the war, shall I tell you something about the island and the group to which it belongs?

The island is called Cuba. It belongs to a large



Map of the West Indies.

group of islands known as the West Indies; a changed form of the old name, West Indias, given by Christopher Columbus, who thought that by sailing westward he had reached islands off the shore of India. If you look on a map of the Western Hemisphere, you will find the West Indies between the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean.

Most of these islands are high and rocky, seeming like a chain of mountains in the ocean, with their tops above the waves. They are in the tropical regions, and the climate is very hot in the lowlands and on the coasts, but is delightful in the high parts all the year round. There are only two seasons—wet and dry. The rainy season begins in the spring or early summer, and lasts about six months.

What grows in these islands? Delicious fruits: mangoes, oranges, cocoanuts, limes, pineapples, and bananas; many other valuable crops: coffee, tobacco, maize, rice, sugar-cane, and cotton; immense forests of mahogany and other valuable trees. This beautiful vegetation makes these lands fair to look upon. Then, too, there are many birds with gorgeous plumage. The islands have gold, silver, copper, and iron mines; there are quarries of marble; and some kinds of precious stones are found.

But this region is not a paradise. Snakes and other horrid things crawl among the beautiful trees and foliage, and poisonous insects swarm in every place. Earthquake shocks are often felt, and fearful hurricanes sweep over the islands nearly every year, doing much damage.

A gentle race of Indians dwelt in these islands at the time of their discovery, but the Spanish settlers treated the natives so cruelly that after a few years they had ceased to exist. Many of the Indians were sent to Spain and other countries and sold as slaves; the rest were made to work in the mines, and as the Indians had never been used to such work, they died from the hard labor. In later times some of the islands were bought from Spain, others were captured, others were gained by treaty, by the nations to whom they now belong.

King Alfonso.

At the beginning of the war between the United States and Spain, in 1898, Cuba, as I have already said, belonged to Spain. Spain owned another large island, Puerto Rico, which we call Porto Rico, a name meaning "rich port." But I need not say anything more about Porto Rico at present.

Cuba is the largest and most valuable of the West India Islands. It was discovered by Columbus about

two weeks after his first landing at San Salvador. According to his custom, he gave it a Spanish name, but somehow the old name clung to it, and to-day the whole world knows the island by its native Indian name, Cuba. On account of its position, it is often called the "Key to the Gulf of Mexico;" and Havana, the capital, has a key upon its coat of arms. Cuba looks very small upon our maps, yet it contains nearly as much land as the State of Pennsylvania.

Queen Regent of Spain.

Perhaps I should tell you just here that Spain is a kingdom. Its ruler, King Alfonso XII., died in 1885. His widow, Queen Christina, has ruled since then, but her son will be crowned king as soon as he is old enough. The "little king," as he is often called, was twelve years old when this war began. Queen Christina is a good and noble woman, and it is not her fault that the people in distant islands have been badly treated.

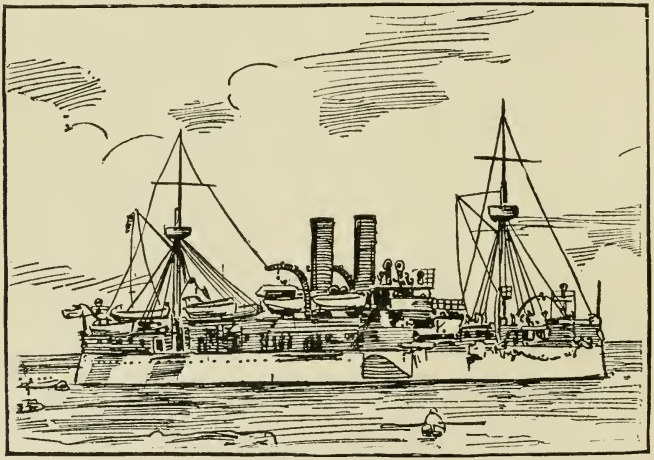
CHAPTER II.

THE "MAINE."

BEFORE the United States joined in the war, the Cubans had succeeded in driving the Spaniards out of many places in the eastern part of the island, but could not get possession of the western part and the chief harbors. We have seen that the war between the United States and Spain began in April, 1898. But, two months before that time something happened in the harbor of Havana, the capital of Cuba, which caused terrible excitement in our country. You must understand that many persons belonging to the United States have business in Cuba, own property there, and even live there. Though these Americans did not take part with the Cubans against Spain, yet it seemed sometimes as if they were in danger on account of the disturbance in the island. So our country decided to send one of our battle-ships—a man-of-war—to stay awhile in the chief harbor of Cuba, so that the Americans might feel safer by having such a ship to help them if they should need help, as I have told you. Spain made no objections to this plan, and said she would send a ship in return to visit New York.

The ship chosen from our navy was the Maine, com-

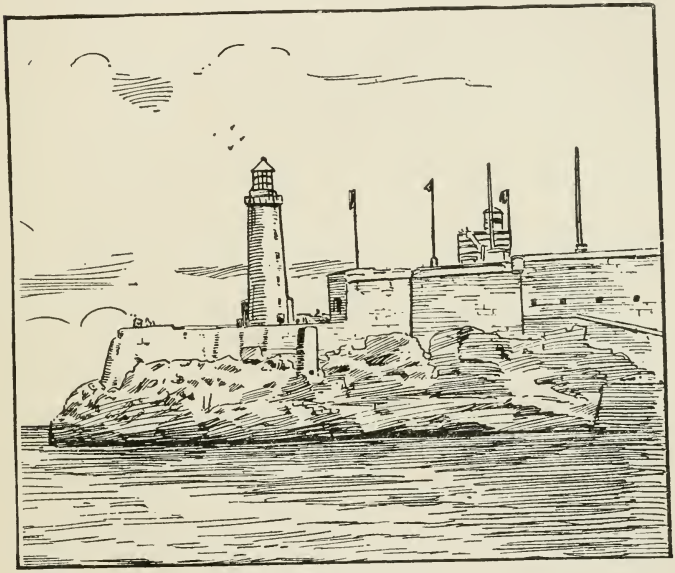
manded by Captain Sigsbee. On January 25th, early in the morning of a bright warm day, the Maine, with all her colors flying, and with all her men dressed in their best clothes, drew near the harbor of Havana. A Spanish pilot went out to meet her, took her carefully through the narrow entrance to the fine harbor, and anchored



U. S. Battleship "Maine."

her near some other ships. Though the entrance is narrow, yet the harbor itself is large enough to accommodate a thousand ships. The entrance is guarded by several fortresses, one of which, called "Morro Castle," is nearly three hundred years old. It stands on a high point of land, and for this reason is called "Morro," a name that means in Spanish, headland, or promontory.

No doubt the place seemed very attractive to the men on board the Maine that bright sunny morning. The new part of Havana is pretty, the old part is quaint and interesting. There are a number of famous build-



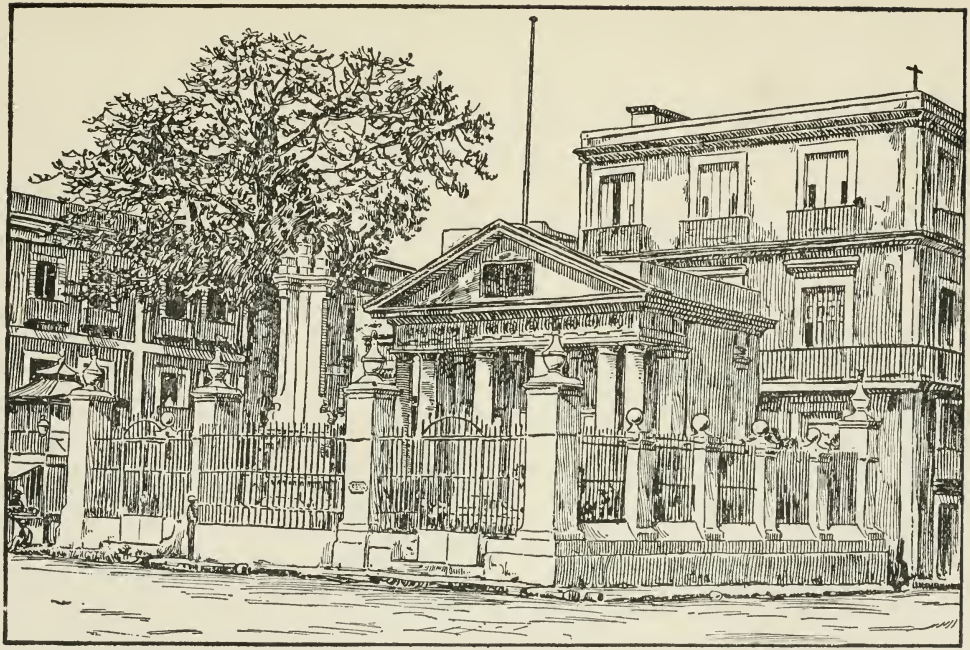
Morro Castle, Havana.

ings, one of which is the Cathedral, where the remains of Columbus were treasured at that time, but they have since been removed to Spain. All the buildings are low, for low buildings are the fashion in countries that are

subject to earthquakes; they are built of stone, and generally adorned with bright colors. There are wide avenues, and large parks and gardens.

If you should visit Havana, you would see many curious sights. All the houses, hotels and stores have iron-barred windows, which gives one the impression that the inmates are confined there. Many houses have large gates which open into beautiful gardens and court yards. Some of the streets have very funny names, such as "Ladies' Delight," and "Fat Stick," when the Spanish names are translated into our language; and they have bright-colored awnings stretched across, from side to side.

The fish market is one of the most noted buildings in the city. It has one long marble table running the entire length of the building, which has one end open to the harbor. Poultry and fruits are brought to the doors of the houses in baskets which are carried on donkeys or the little horses of the country. Often you can see what looks like a large bunch of grass, slowly moving over the pavements, but as it gets nearer you will see the head of a donkey sticking out of one side, while his tail alone is visible on the other side. This is the way that food for horses and mules is brought into the city; no hay is used, only green feed. The milkman does not call at the house, as with us, but instead drives his cow up to the door and supplies you direct from her with as much milk as you wish to buy. Charcoal is almost the only fuel used in cooking, and the ranges look



Columbus Chapel, Havana.

like benches placed against the walls with holes in the tops of them. But we must return to the battleship Maine.

There was no special work for the Maine to do; she was simply to stay in the harbor till further orders. The Spanish officers called on Captain Sigsbee, and he returned their visits, according to the rules that naval officers of all countries are bound to observe. Yet it was easy for the men of the Maine to see that they were not welcome guests. The Maine had twenty-six officers, and a crew of three hundred and twenty-eight men. With her guns, ammunition, and other valuable stores, she was worth $5,000,000. She had been three years in service, having left the Brooklyn navy-yard in November, 1895.

The evening of February 15th, 1898, was dark and sultry. At eight o'clock Captain Sigsbee received the reports from the different officers of the ship that every thing was secure for the night. At ten minutes after nine the bugler sounded "taps," the signal for "turning in," and soon the ship was quiet. At forty minutes after nine a sharp explosion was heard, then a loud, long, roaring sound, mingled with the noise of falling timbers; the electric lights went out, the ship was lifted up, and then she began to sink. The Captain and some of the other officers groped their way to the deck, hardly knowing what had happened. They could do nothing; the ship was sinking fast, and was on fire in several places.

The force of the explosion was so great that it threw

Captain Sigsbee out of his cabin, where he sat writing a letter, and against William Anthony, a marine who was on duty as a sentry. As coolly as though nothing had happened, Anthony saluted the Captain and then said:

"Sir, I have the honor to inform you that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

Small boats came out from the other ships, and rescued many men from the Maine. The Spaniards helped the sufferers in every possible way, taking them to the hospitals in Havana, where they received the best care that the hospitals could give.

Captain Charles D. Sigsbee.

In that awful destruction of the Maine, two officers and two hundred and fifty-four of the crew were lost. Several of those who were rescued, died afterward.

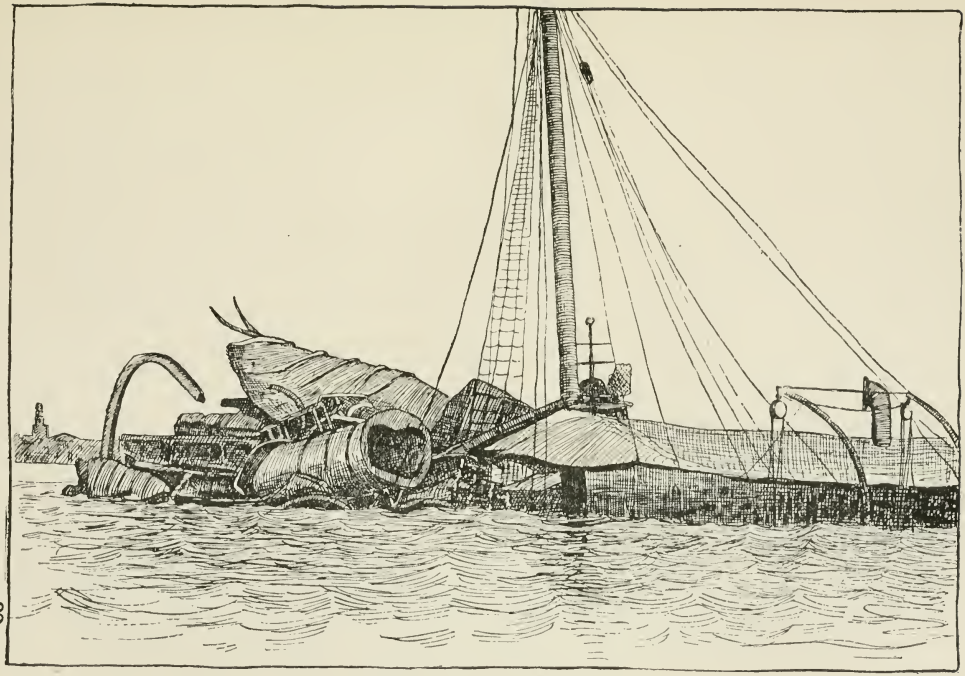
The next day divers went down into the water to see what they could find in the wreck, and nineteen dead bodies were brought up. The Spanish officers of Havana asked Captain Sigsbee to permit the city to give the men a public funeral; and a plot of ground in Colón

Cemetery, outside the city, was given to the United States free of expense forever. The day of the funeral all the flags were put at "half mast," as a sign of mourning, and the stores were closed. Crowds of people joined the long funeral procession.

In the latter part of the year 1899, however, the Maine dead were brought from Havana by the battleship Texas, then commanded by Captain Sigsbee, formerly of the Maine. They were laid away in Arlington Cemetery, near Washington, on December 28th, with simple religious services and the honors of war, in the presence of the President of the United States and his Cabinet, officers of the army and navy, and many other spectators.

Besides Captain Sigsbee and Father Chidwick, who was chaplain of the Maine at the time she was blown up, three others who lived through that awful night were present. They were Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, who was the executive officer of the Maine and who afterwards sank the Furor and Pluton at Santiago; Lieutenant F. C. Bowers, formerly assistant engineer of the Maine; and Jeremiah Shea, a fireman of the Maine, who was blown out of the stoke-hole of the ship through the wreckage.

After three volleys had been fired over the dead, and the bugles had rung out the soldiers' and sailors' last good night, Captain Sigsbee introduced Shea to President McKinley. Being asked for an explanation of his escape, he responded, as he had done to Father Chidwick



Wreck of the "Maine."

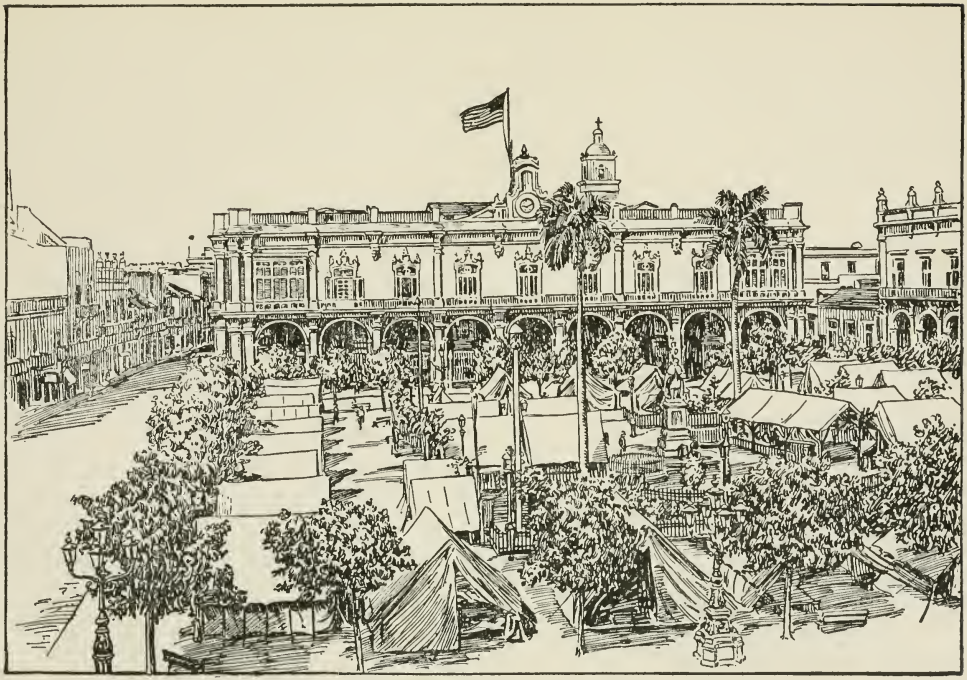
when he visited him in the hospital in Havana, where he lay covered with wounds and bruises, and with nearly every bone in his body broken:

"I don't know how I got through. I was blown out. I guess I must have been an armor-piercing projectile!"

The work of saving the guns and other valuable things on the Maine was carried on for some time. Among other things that the divers recovered was a splendid silver service that had been presented to the ship by the state of Maine. The keys to the magazines were found in their proper places in the captain's cabin, and his money and papers were also recovered. Finally, it was found that the hull of the great ship could not be raised, and in April the United States flag, that had been kept flying above the wreck since the night of the fatal explosion, was hauled down and the ship formally declared out of commission.

Of course, the awful disaster caused deep sorrow in the United States. There was great excitement also, for many persons thought that some of the Spaniards had wrecked the Maine on purpose. The harbor was full of "mines" or immense iron shells filled with stuff that will explode. All countries at war protect their harbors in this way.

President McKinley appointed men to examine the wreck and find out all they could about the explosion. They found that the ship was destroyed by a "mine," but could not prove that the Spaniards had purposely caused the "mine" to explode.



Captain-General's Palace, Havana.

So there will always be a mystery connected with the horrible destruction of the Maine.

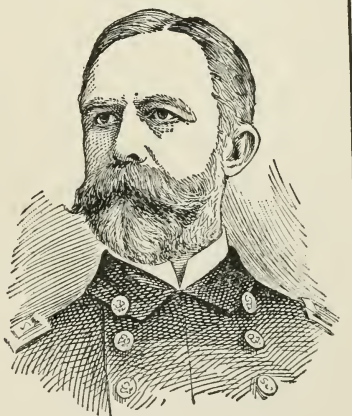
On April 10th, Consul-General Lee and such Americans as wished to do so, left Havana and returned to the United States. From that time on, it seemed to the people of the United States that war with Spain was inevitable, and preparations for it were carried on rapidly. On April 19th—which, by the way, was the anniversary of the first battle of the war of the Revolution and also of the Civil War—Congress declared that the United States must interfere in the affairs of Cuba and help the Cubans to become a free and prosperous people. This declaration was signed by President McKinley on the following day, and then our minister to Spain, Mr. Woodford, was instructed to tell the Spanish government what had been done, and also what would be done, if Spain did not promise before the 23d to withdraw her soldiers from Cuba and give up the island to the Cubans.

The message was sent by one of the submarine cables which connects America with Europe, and the operator who received it told the Spanish officials about it before sending it to its destination. So, before Mr. Woodford could deliver his message, the Spanish government sent him his passports, which was a polite hint to leave the country, and he did so, at once. This action on the part of Spain was virtually a declaration of war, and was so regarded by the President and the people of this country. On the 22d, a blockade of Cuban ports was established by the navy, and a Spanish ship was captured.

CHAPTER III.

THE BLOCKADE.

I HAVE already told you that the Cubans, in their rebellion, had driven the Spaniards out of many places in Cuba, but had not been able to get possession of the chief harbors. So now it was thought best that our ships should blockade the large harbors of Cuba. Do you know what blockade means? It means to surround a place held by the enemy, and stay there, doing any damage that can be done, cutting the enemy off from outside help, and so, in time, if he is not strong enough to break the blockade, he must surrender, as his supply of food will give out.



Rear-Admiral Sampson.

On the morning of April 22d, a squadron under the

command of Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson sailed from Key West to establish a blockade of the most important Cuban ports. The ships which were to be stationed off Havana reached that port on the same day; others were sent to different ports along the coast, and so the blockade was begun.

All kinds of vessels were employed in this blockading service. There were huge battleships, splendid cruisers, and gunboats that could go into shallower waters than the large ships. There were also monitors—immense fighting machines with decks but a little height above the water and big guns in circular turrets. Then there were torpedo boats—very swift vessels armed with deadly torpedoes, any one of which could sink the largest ship afloat.

Some of our large passenger steamships had been appropriated by the Government for war service, and did good work for the blockade, as they can move very fast. They flew about from place to place as "scouts" or "spies"; they carried messages; they cut the Spanish cables under water, and were useful in other ways.

The gunboat Nashville sailed from Key West with the squadron, and before the sun had fairly risen she saw the smoke of a steamer away off to the westward. She gave chase at once, and, as the vessels drew near, the stranger was flying the flag of Spain. The Nashville fired a shot across her bows, and this was the first shot in the war between the United States and Spain. The Spaniard was not inclined to stop, and it required another

shot before she would stop her engines. The Nashville sent an officer in a boat to inform the steamer that she was a prize to the United States. She was found to be a Spanish merchantman, the Buena Ventura, and was sent in charge of a prize-crew to Key West. During the next thirty days, many other Spanish ships, with cargoes worth millions of dollars, were captured by different vessels of the navy. A few were released, but the larger part were condemned by a prize-court and sold.

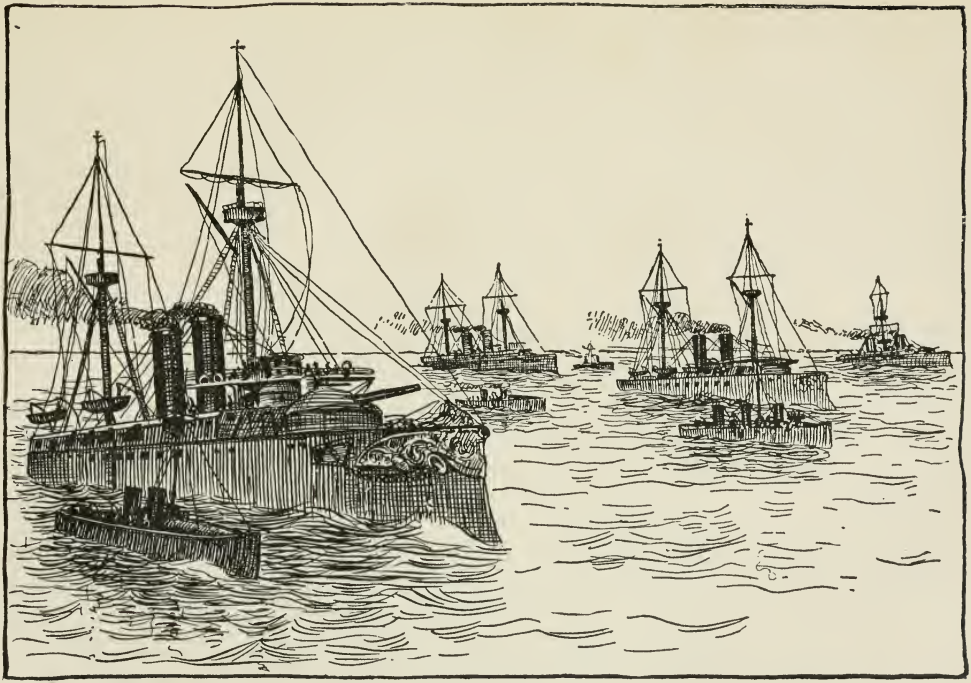
The first action of the war was a small affair, but I shall mention it, as it was much talked about at the time. It took place on April 27th, a few days after our ships had begun the blockade. The Spaniards were building new forts at Matanzas, a port about sixty miles east of Havana. With the exception of Havana, Mantanzas has the finest harbor on the northern coast of Cuba. The city itself lies between two small rivers and contains many beautiful homes. The houses are often decorated with colored tiles, and with their luxuriant gardens make a charming picture against the background of hills that rise beyond the beautiful valley of the Yumurri, which is one of the loveliest spots in Cuba. In times of peace the exports of sugar and molasses from Mantanzas have been very large, but the Cuban army burned many of the finest plantations in the district.

The ships that engaged the new forts that the Spaniards were adding to the castle of San Severino and other defences of Mantanzas, were the flag-ship New York, the

monitor Puritan, and the cruiser Cincinnati. The Spaniards fired the first gun, and then the New York took up a position between two batteries and delivered broadsides right and left. Then the Puritan's big guns came into play, and then the Cincinnati poured a stream of shells into the forts. It did not take long to knock the Spanish defences into sand-heaps—only about half an hour—and then the American ships stood out to sea. As they were doing so, the Spaniards fired one more shot. The Puritan had the range and sent a twelve-inch shell in reply. It was one of the best shots of the war. It struck the Spanish gun fairly, dismounted it, and then burst, throwing the sand high in the air. The Spanish account of the engagement stated that no damage whatever was done, except the killing of one mule!

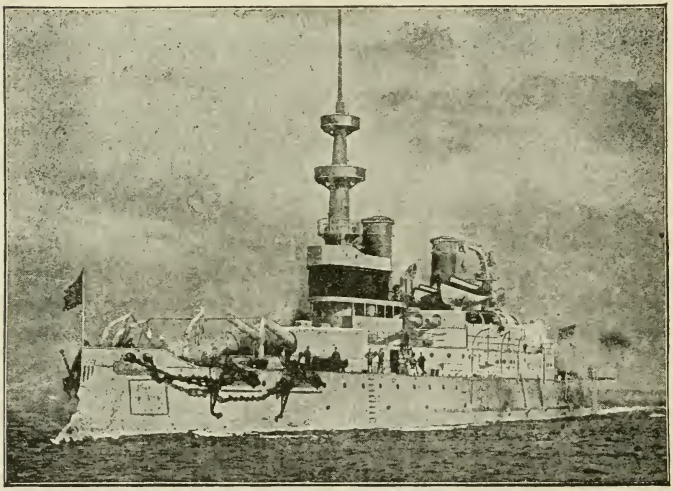
Great excitement and great anxiety were caused by the news that a large and powerful fleet was coming from Spain. Our Government could not tell whether these ships would come to a Spanish port in the West Indies, or whether they would attack one of our large cities on the Atlantic coast. We had not ships enough to protect all our ports as well as to blockade Cuba, so much care was needed to make good plans, and our naval officers were kept busy. It was most important to watch for the Spanish ships.

The "Cape Verde" fleet, as the Spanish ships were called, troubled the Navy Department of the United States day and night. They knew that it sailed from the Cape



The "Cape Verde" Fleet.

Verde Islands in the latter part of April, but that was about all they did know regarding it. At last it was seen off the Island of Martinique and then it was lost again. It was next heard from at Curacoa, an island in the Caribbean Sea, off the north coast of Venezuela,

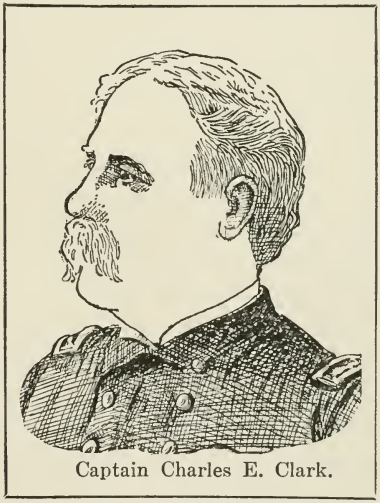


U. S. Battleship "Oregon."

but before the American ships could reach it, the Spanish admiral had coaled and provisioned his ships at Willemstad, the chief city on the island, and was off again to sea.

There was some reason to think that the Spanish fleet might catch our great battle-ship Oregon, coming as fast

as it could to the Eastern Coast. I must take time to tell you about the Oregon. Shortly before the war began, the Oregon was in the Pacific Ocean; but when she received a message to come to an Atlantic port, to be ready for war with Spain, she took coal at San Francisco and started—March 19th—on her long voyage. She went south through the Pacific Ocean, east through the Strait of Magellan, and then turned northward into the Atlantic Ocean. Then the closest watch was kept for the enemy; the guns were always ready, the lights were covered every night. Though Captain Clark did not know that war had really begun before that time, still he knew that there was danger. On May 24th the Oregon arrived at a port in Florida, having come 14,000 miles, through all kinds of weather, in two months' time, without breaking anything about the ship. So the Spaniards did not catch the Oregon, but later in the year she helped to catch them.



Captain Charles E. Clark.

When the Oregon arrived at Jupiter Inlet, Florida,

she was as able to fight or to run as on the day she was put into commission. When she left San Francisco she had nine hundred tons of coal on board. During the voyage she consumed almost four thousand tons. Callao was the first port where the Oregon stopped. From there she ran down the Pacific coast, and after passing through the straits sailed up the eastern coast of South America to Rio Janeiro, where she was notified by the American consul that the United States and Spain were really at war. There were now two other American warships at Rio. The gunboat Marietta had joined the Oregon near the straits, and the Buffalo, which the United States had bought from Brazil, was waiting for them at Rio. I will let Captain Clark tell you the story of the remainder of the voyage, in his own way:

"Several long cablegrams were exchanged between the Government and myself. Nothing whatever in the way of instructions was issued that would hamper me or in any way abridge my responsibility for bringing the Oregon home. We sailed from Rio on May 4. I decided, when we had been at sea a little while, to leave the Buffalo and the Marietta to shift for themselves. They were so slow that I feared the Oregon might be late in arriving where she was most needed. I left these ships off Cape Frio, one hundred miles above Rio, after signaling them, 'Come to Bahia, or run ashore if attacked by overwhelming force.' I reached Bahia on the 8th, but we were told to 'Come on.' We sailed next morning, and this run to

Barbadoes was the most thrilling of the entire voyage. We steamed absolutely without a light.

"Indeed, the entire trip from Sandy Point to Jupiter Inlet was a lightless voyage. In pitchlike darkness we drove along at our highest speed—seeing lights many times, but always avoiding the ships that bore them. We were out of court. We had no right of way without a light. Even if we met a vessel on our port, we gave way.

"Night and day the men stood at the guns. Not for a single moment was vigilance relaxed. The strain on the men was terrible. For four days at a time hammocks were never strung. Watch and watch about, the men lay beside the guns, sound asleep, while the men on duty stood silently above them. All the lookouts were doubled and changed with unusual frequency.

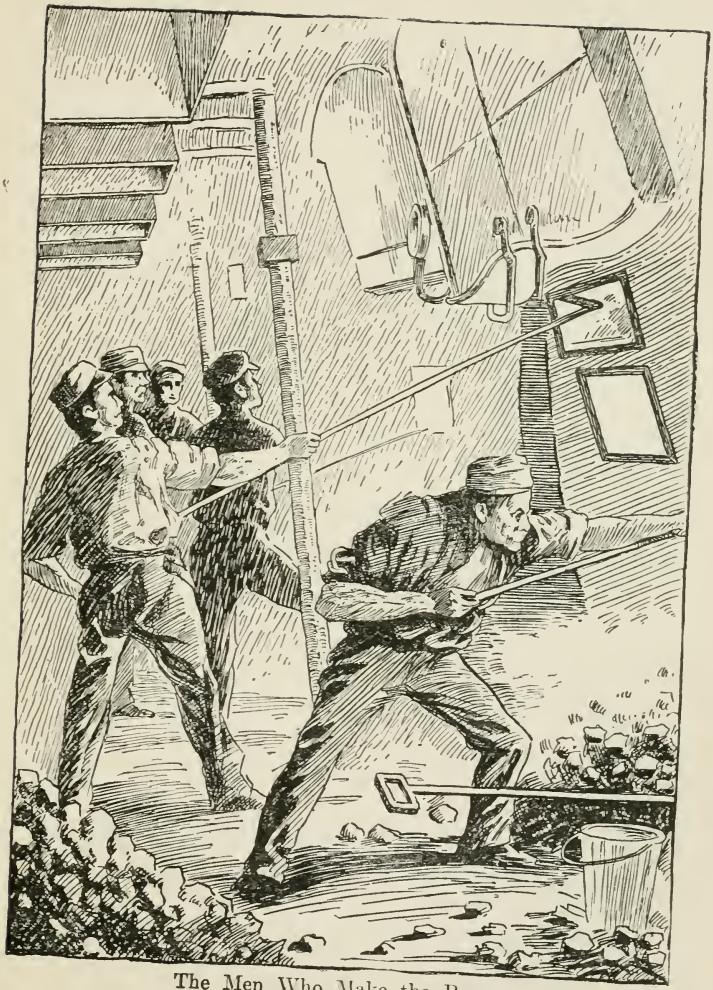
"Barbadoes was reached just before daylight, May 18, and after rushing two hundred and fifty tons of coal aboard, we sailed the same evening. Still the orders read, 'Come on.' From our consul I learned that Cervera's fleet was at Martinique, just to the north of us. This fleet had been extolled for speed and fighting qualities. I am not a rash man. I was not looking for that fleet. The situation seemed critical. Sailing just before dark, I headed northwest, apparently into the heart of the Caribbean Sea. This information, I have no doubt, was promptly communicated to Admiral Cervera. But as soon as the darkness of a moonless night had thoroughly set in, I changed the course to due south, and ran

below Barbadoes and thence far to the eastward before I took the Oregon to the northward. We thus passed far to sea east of Martinique, and eventually turned into the north Atlantic beyond St. Thomas. I carefully avoided the Windward Channel and the shallow waters of the Bahamas.

"I didn't know where the Department wanted to use me. I was in the dark as to the location of the two fleets. I knew one had been at Hampton Roads and another at Key West, and the charts told me that Jupiter Inlet was in telegraphic reach of all points on the coast. From that place I had coal enough to make the run to either of the two fleets."

With scarcely a day's delay, the Oregon joined the North Atlantic Squadron, in Cuban waters, and was one of the vessels under Commodore Schley when that officer trapped the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago.

When we think of the officers and men on the decks of a warship, we must not forget the force of men below the decks. The engineers, firemen and stokers do as good work, and are entitled to as much praise, as the fighting force above. In battle they are kept under the hatches, and, as a rule, never know of the progress or the result of a fight until it closes. They work in a temperature of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty degrees, by half-hour stretches. The roaring furnaces make the fire-rooms almost beyond a man's power to endure, and we should give a great deal of our praise to the brave fellows who make the power that moves the ship.



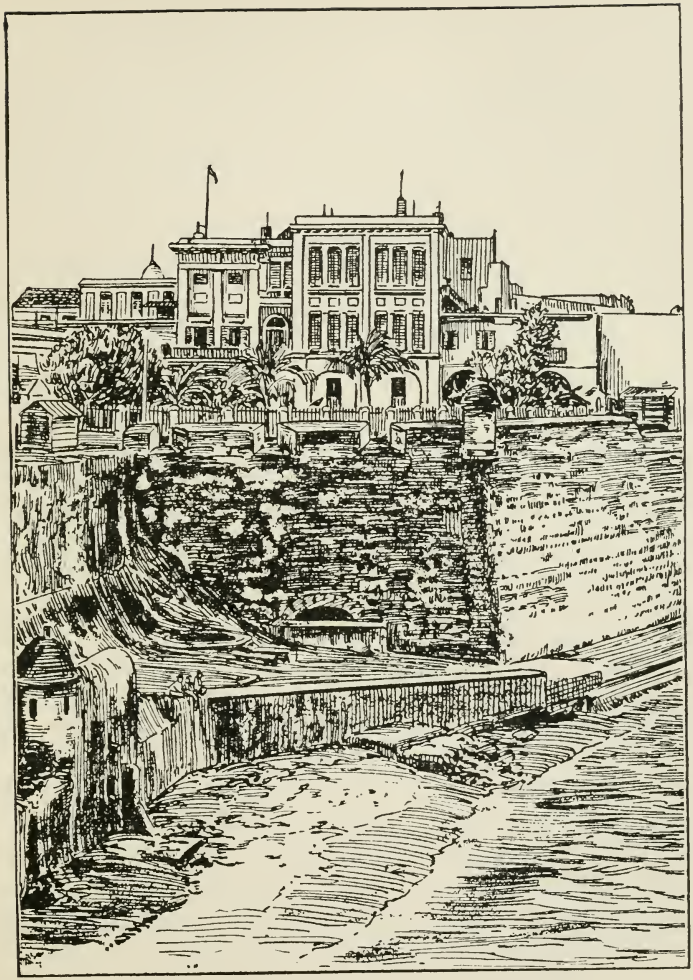
The Men Who Make the Power.

You know that we saw in the first chapter, that Spain owned another large island some miles east of Cuba—an island called Porto Rico.

This island was sighted by Columbus on November 16, 1493, and, three days later, he anchored in one of its bays. In 1510, and again a year later, Ponce de Leon visited the island and established a settlement, to which he gave the name of San Juan Bautista. Spain did not always hold it peaceably, however, for at different times the Dutch and the English tried to take it from her. The people of the island used to be terribly annoyed by pirates and buccaneers, but that was a long time ago.

The Spanish used to call San Juan the "Rich Port of John the Baptist," and it was a great source of profit to them for nearly four hundred years. Ponce is the largest city in the island, but San Juan has the advantage of a large, protected harbor. Like Havana and Santiago, San Juan has its Morro Castle, and within its walls are the buildings of a small military town,—houses for troops, a chapel, bake-house, and guard-room, with dungeons down by the sea, and underneath it.

The city of San Juan lies upon an island connected with the mainland by a bridge and a causeway. The streets are narrow, the houses are low, mostly of a single story, and are built in the old-fashioned Spanish style, with thick walls around the courtyard. The fronts are ugly and are painted all sorts of brilliant colors—pink,



Palace and Sea-wall, San Juan, Porto Rico.

blue, purple and yellow. There are heavy shutters in the windows for protection, but there are no panes of glass in the town. Behind the gloomy walls are splendid gardens and courtyards, with splashing fountains, shaded by palms. The city contains a cathedral, a theatre, a city hall, the Governor-General's palace, and several fine churches, and in the center is quite a large park, with concrete walks and seats, as with us. There is no turf, however. All around this park the market women gather every morning, selling poultry, eggs, vegetables and flowers, and in the evening there is music by a military band.

It was thought that the Spanish fleet, which had caused our Government so much anxiety, might go to San Juan, the captital of the island, and so, before the Oregon arrived, and before any of the Spanish ships had been seen, Admiral Sampson took some of his vessels from Cuba to Porto Rico in hope of meeting Admiral Cervera, the Spanish commander, and his fleet. Our ships reached San Juan in the evening of May 11th, but could see nothing of the Spanish ships. Next morning our ships fired upon the forts guarding the harbor, to try the strength of the enemy. But finding the forts stronger than he thought they were, Admiral Sampson drew off his fleet. He could not spare the time, or spend his powder and shells, upon San Juan then. The important thing to do was to find the Spanish fleet. So Admiral Sampson again sailed toward Havana.

The two ports on the northern coast of Cuba that seemed most likely to attract the Spanish fleet were Havana and Matanzas. There was one port on the southern coast that seemed to be a good one for the Spanish fleet—the port of Cienfuegos. So our ships continued the blockade of Havana and Matanzas, and now Commodore Schley was sent with several vessels to watch Cienfuegos.

The city of Cienfuegos is situated some distance back from the sea, in a harbor which winds and twists about between high hills, completely obscuring it from ships a little distance from the shore. The word Cienfuegos means "a hundred fires." Close by the water's edge there stood a cable-house, where one end of a submarine cable, which reached to Santiago, some three hundred miles to the eastward, was secured. On one side of the cable-house was an old fort or lookout, such as the Spaniards used to have all along the coast. On the other side was a light-house. The Americans wished to destroy communication between Cienfuegos and Santiago, so they sent an expedition to cut the cable and destroy anything that would be of use to the Spaniards.

The ships that were sent to do this work were the Marblehead, the Nashville and the Windom. You will remember that the Nashville fired the first gun in the war with Spain. She is not a pretty boat at all. She is built differently from other vessels of her class, and her two tall funnels, or smoke-stacks, give her an un-

gainly appearance. Her commander was a splendid officer, though, and her crew were the bravest of the brave. I must tell you a little of her work after she captured the first prize of the war.

One day, while in company with the Marblehead and the Eagle, she saw a big Spanish mail steamer leave the harbor of Cienfuegos and put to sea, followed by nine Spanish gunboats. The Nashville started in pursuit of the big steamer, leaving the other American ships to attend to the gunboats. She soon overhauled the steamer, which proved to be the Argonata, and took possssion of her. Her cargo was a very rich one, and among the passengers were twenty-nine Spanish soldiers and officers. These were taken on board the Nashville. Meanwhile, the Marblehead and the Eagle had disposed of the gunboats. It only took them half an hour to drive them back into the harbor, with their smokestacks shot off, and several of them in a sinking condition. The Nashville then turned over her prize to the Marblehead and started for Havana.

On her way she discovered a big gunboat, and, as the two ships drew near, the Spanish officers, who had been allowed on deck, saw that she was not an American vessel, and danced for joy. An instant later they were shoved down a hatchway and placed in the hold. As the stranger came closer it was plainly seen that she was nearly twice as large as the Nashville and more heavily armed, but the commander of the American vessel did

not hesitate an instant. He cleared his ship for action and trained his guns on her. Just then she hoisted English colors and dipped them in salute to the stars and stripes that were floating above the Nashville. She proved to be the Talbot, an English ship cruising in those waters. The whole affair was a splendid display of courage on the part of the Nashville in clearing ship and showing fight to the big English gunboat. Every man on the American ship knew that if the stranger proved to be a Spanish war vessel the chances were ten to one against the Nashville; but none of them stopped to think of that, but made ready to fight her. Now we will return to Cienfuegos and see how our splendid seamen cut the Spanish cables in the very face of death.

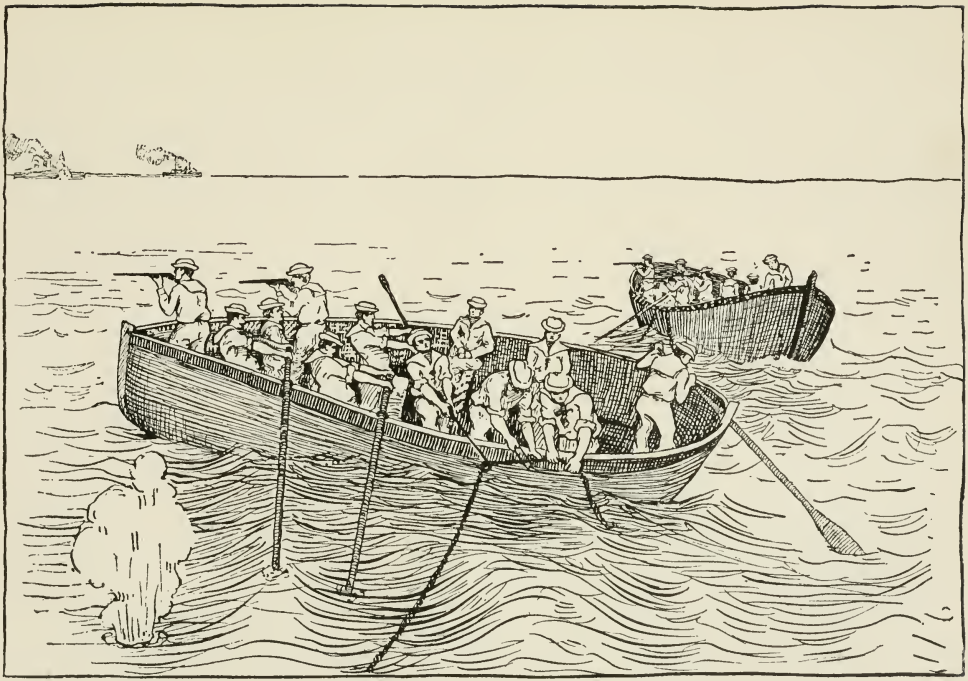
Volunteers from the Marblehead and the Nashville manned the boats that were sent into the shallow waters to grapple for the cable. Each ship furnished a cutter and a launch, under the command of a lieutenant. The men who were to do the work were in the cutters, and each of the launches carried a small rapid-fire gun to protect the workers as much as possible. The Nashville shelled the shore and then the boats were ordered in. They went within one hundred yards of the shore and then began to grapple for the cable. As calmly as though they were fishing, the men worked with their hooks. At last the cable was caught, and soon it was brought to view. It proved not to be the Santiago cable, but about a hundred feet of its length were cut out of it, and the

brave fellows grappled for another. They found it, hauled it up, and, with what tools they had, hacked it in two.

They were not unmolested, however, for Spaniards began to show themselves on the shore, and a perfect hail of bullets dimpled the water around the Americans as they worked. When a man in the boats was hit, another took his place. Sturdy arms at the oars held the boats against the strong current, while others hacked away the tough wires.

Then the guns of the ships sent an iron storm among the rocks and trees and the soft sands. They drove the Spaniards to shelter, and then they knocked the cable-house, the fort and the light-house to bits. It was not intended at first to destroy the light-house, but when it was discovered that the Spaniards used it for a shelter while firing upon the Americans, the gunners were ordered to cut it down, and in a short time nothing remained of it but a heap of ruins.

The personal bravery of the men in the boats was wonderful. Although untried in warfare, they conducted themselves like veterans in the hour of trial. Cable cutting is one of the new features of modern warfare, but that made no difference to the brave jackies and marines that volunteered for the work. One of their number was killed and several were wounded, but officers and men performed their work with the utmost coolness and bravery.



Cutting the Cables Under Fire.

Before we leave the subject of cutting an enemy's cables, and thus destroying one of their best means of communication, I will tell you of another exploit. The St. Louis, which was one of the big ocean steamships that the Government hired during the war, was the vessel that performed it. A few days after the cables were cut at Cienfuegos, the St. Louis was ordered to Santiago to cut the cables at that point. One very dark night the boats left the big ship and began to grapple for the cables. About three o'clock in the morning they returned with a long piece which they had cut out of one of the cables. About eight o'clock the St. Louis went to work to find the other cable, and after working for three hours, the batteries on shore opened fire on her. They kept up a furious fire for three-quarters of an hour, but the St. Louis replied so vigorously that the batteries were silenced and the garrisons sent running in all directions. Then they found the cable, hauled it on board and cut it. Afterwards the St. Louis cut another cable at San Juan, the capital of Porto Rico.

Do you wonder why these three ports were thought to be the best for the Spanish fleet to enter? You know that Havana is the capital of Cuba; most of the citizens were Spaniards; thousands of Spanish soldiers were there; all the chief officers also. So it was thought that the Spanish Navy would try to unite with the Spanish Army. From Matanzas and from Cienfuegos the troops from the Spanish ships could go easily by railroad to

Havana, through a part of the country still in the hands of the Spaniards. I may have told you more than you care to hear about the coming of the enemy's fleet, but I want to give you an idea of the great anxiety felt by our Government at this time, and to help you to understand what follows. You must remember that we had not vessels enough to blockade every port, so we blockaded the ports that seemed most dangerous.

Where was the Spanish fleet all this time, while our Navy was so troubled? If you look at a map of Cuba you will find that the eastern end of the island—the eastern province—is called Santiago de Cuba. The chief city of the province is on the southern coast, and bears the same name. The city of Santiago is next in importance to Havana, and is said to be the oldest city in the Western Hemisphere.

Santiago is a picturesque city, five miles from the coast. It was founded by Don Diego de Velasquez, who named it for the patron saint of Spain. Santiago, San Diego and St. Jago are really one name, which is translated St. James in our language. The city is built along a sloping hillside, and its massive buildings are tinted pink, blue, green and purple. There are plenty of red-tiled roofs, among which rise towers, steeples and palms. The houses are low and built around courtyards, where flowers and palms grow in profusion. The floors are of brick or marble. There is a plaza, or central square, and a great cathedral. The streets are narrow and dirty, and

in the quarters where the poorer class live, babies and pigs roll together in the gutters, and boys and girls without a rag of clothing on them hold out their hands for alms.

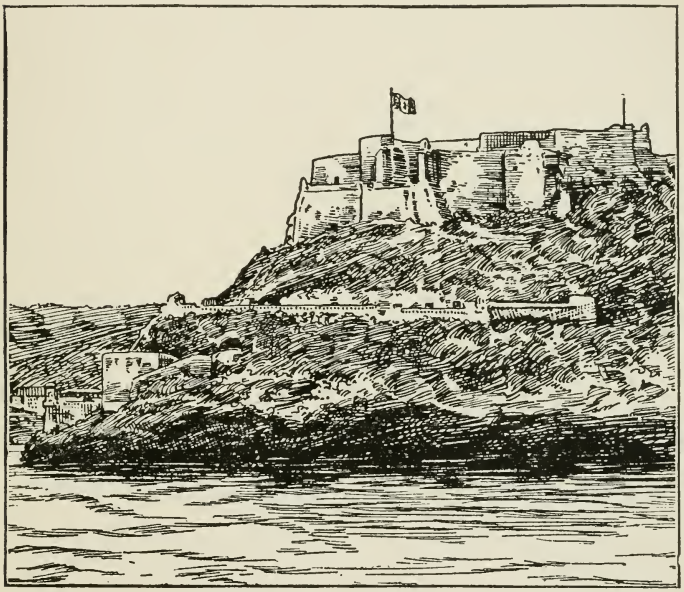
The first impression of Santiago is one of filth and poverty, dilapidated buildings and general decay; but if you climb the hills that encircle the city and look over the red-topped buildings to the glistening bay, the prospect is lovely.

As you approach the mouth of the harbor from the coast, you can at first see nothing but a break in the hills; but soon you discover, perhaps, the most picturesque fort in the western hemisphere. It is the Morro Castle, one hundred years older than its namesake at Havana, perched on a rock at the entrance to the channel. This channel is very narrow, but it winds and twists about until it opens into a broad, land-locked bay—the famous harbor of Santiago—with houses running down to the water's edge.

Into this beautiful harbor, while our ships were watching other ports and looking in other directions, Admiral Cervera and his fine Spanish ships quietly sailed at daybreak on the 19th of May. It was a strange port for the Spaniards to seek, and it was a fatal one.

While Sampson was looking in one direction for Admiral Cervera's ships, Commodore Schley, with another squadron, was close upon their track. For awhile he thought they were in Cienfuegos, but when he found

they were not there, he kept on up the coast. His flagship was the splendid cruiser Brooklyn, and among his ships were the Massachusetts, the Texas and the Iowa—all



Morro Castle, Santiago.

immense battleships. He also had a number of smaller vessels, and the swift St. Paul, another of the famous ships hired by the Government. The St. Paul was commanded by Captain Sigsbee, who, you will remember,

was in command of the Maine when she was blown up in Havana harbor.

At last Commodore Schley became satisfied that the long-looked-for fleet was in the harbor of Santiago. On the morning of May 29, Captain Sigsbee, in the St. Paul, ran close enough to the mouth of the harbor to see some of the Spanish ships inside, and the long game of hide-and-seek was over. Commodore Schley at once established a strict blockade, and then sent word to Admiral Sampson that the Spanish ships had been found and that he had them safe. He very shrewdly said:

"We have bottled them up, and they will never get home!" A few days later, the two squadrons were consolidated, with Commodore Schley the second in command.

I want to tell you a little about Commodore Schley—one of the finest officers of the navy. He graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, at the head of his class, and from that time entered upon a career in which he served his country in nearly every quarter of the globe. When the Civil War broke out, he staid by the old flag when many of his brother officers went with the Confederacy, and during the war performed many gallant and meritorious services. He had seen all kinds of naval service, and was at home among conditions that required dash and courage, zeal and persistency, before he was given the command of the "Flying Squadron," and sent to find the Spanish ships.

He had done such things as to rescue seven men who were starving to death in the Arctic regions. He had been sent by the Government to do this, and, realizing that it must be done quickly, he pushed on so fast that he found the seven men alive. If he had been slower in his movements they would have been dead, for they were in the last stages of starvation and exhaustion. At another time, some of his sailors were stoned in the city of Valparaiso, and one of them was killed. Schley trained his guns upon the city and kept them there until the murderers were given up to justice. He was the right kind of a man to have around the coasts of Cuba, wasn't he?

Rear-Admiral W. S. Schley.

Now I am going to tell you the names of the Spanish vessels, and give you an idea of the blockade.

Within the harbor were four large Spanish ships and two new, fast torpedo-boat destroyers, all commanded by Admiral Cervera. The ships were the Infanta Maria

Teresa, named for a Spanish princess; the Vizcaya, named for a province in Spain; the Cristóbol Colón, which is the Spanish name for Christopher Columbus; and the Almirante Oquendo. Many years ago Spain had a famous admiral whose name was Oquendo, and in recognition of his services the Spanish Government made a law that there should always be a ship in their navy bearing his name. That is how they had the Almirante Oquendo, which means Admiral Oquendo. The names of the torpedo-boat destroyers were the Furor and the Pluton. All these warships were splendid vessels, and were commanded by brave men. We shall hear about them later.

Our ships were outside the harbor—a few miles from its mouth, in a line like a half-circle. Our big ships were the New York, the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Iowa, the Oregon, the Indiana, and the Massachusetts. There were a number of smaller vessels, and one of them, the Gloucester, afterwards gained great fame. Our ships could not anchor, as the water was too deep, so they were always moving back and forth.

As I have told you, between the sea and the harbor, or bay, is a long, narrow channel with high cliffs on each side, and on these cliffs are forts, which guard the entrance to the harbor.

Our men could not see the Spanish ships in the harbor, but could see only the narrow channel and the hills and forts above it. Our men watched carefully, to see

that no Spanish ship came out. For the first few nights of the blockade a bright moon lighted up the channel, but after the moon failed, the place was wonderfully lighted by the great "search-lights" of our ships. Four battle-ships took turns of two hours each in standing at the entrance of the channel and moving the "search-lights." The ships were always headed toward the shore, and steam was kept up.

And so our great gray vessels, grim monsters of the sea, waited and watched near the harbor of Santiago de Cuba.

Blockading work is very hard upon officers and men. It requires ceaseless vigilance at all hours of the day and night. Besides preventing an enemy's ships from coming out of a blockaded port, it is very important to prevent vessels with supplies from running in. During the Cuban blockade our vessels captured at least one large ship loaded with coal that was intended for Admiral Cervera's fleet. When nations are at war, they do not allow other nations to supply their enemies with anything that will help them. There are international laws about this, and if a warship belonging to a nation which is at war with another, puts into a neutral port for coal or provisions, it is only allowed to buy enough to last it to its nearest home port. It is not allowed to remain in a neutral port more than twenty-four hours, either.

The purpose of a blockade is to cut off supplies and stop all communication with the enemy by sea. When this is done, merchant vessels of all nations are therefore

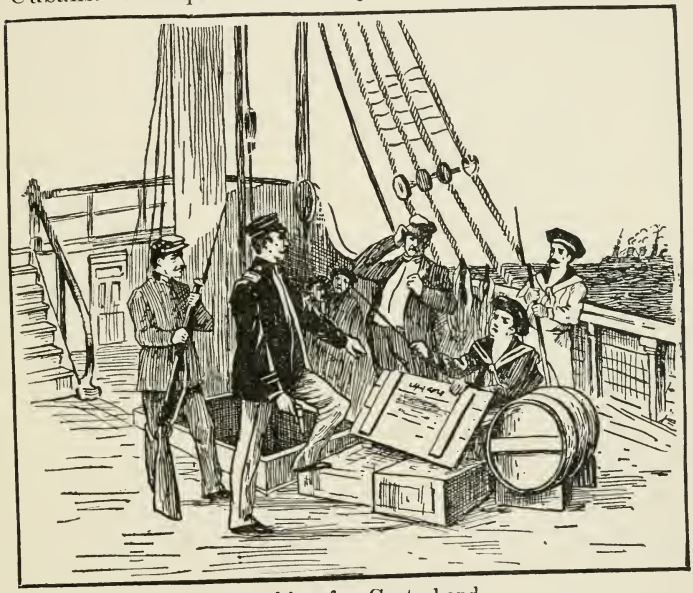
forbidden to pass or even to approach the line, and the penalty for disobedience is the confiscation of both ship and cargo, whether the latter is contraband or not. If a ship does not stop when hailed, she may be fired upon, and if she is sunk while endeavoring to escape, it is her own fault. Blockade running is perilous business, and is usually attempted under cover of night, or in stormy weather, and it is as full of excitement and adventure as war itself. The motive is usually either to take advantage of famine prices, or to aid the enemy by bringing supplies or carrying despatches. Neutral ships are entitled to some sort of warning that a blockade exists, and in the case of Cuba, the United States notified neutral Governments, announcing the fact, and stating exactly the extent of coast covered.

Before we were at war with Spain, the Government restrained and punished those who organized expeditions to help the Cubans. We were obliged to do this because we were a neutral nation. But after our war with Spain began, we sent all kinds of war material to the Cubans, so as to help them to fight Spain. I will tell you about one of these expeditions.

About the middle of May, the steamer Florida sailed from a port in the State for which she was named, with supplies for the Cuban army. In addition to a great quantity of provisions, clothing, shoes and medicines, she carried several thousand rifles and an immense amount of ammunition. Down in the hold were a hundred horses

and mules, and among the passengers were several hundred recruits for the Cuban army.

The Florida reached the Cuban coast in safety, and was met at the appointed place by more than a thousand Cubans. It required three days and one night to unload



Searching for Contraband.

the cargo. Small boats conveyed the stores to the eager hands that hurried them inland. The mules and horses swam ashore. Women and children flocked to the scene, bringing fruit and vegetables to exchange for coffee and meat—the first they had tasted for a long time.

When the cargo was all ashore, the Florida prepared to return to the United States. Then the Cuban soldiers ranged themselves along the shore; women and children grouped behind the ranks, and a Cuban marching song burst from happy hearts as the Florida steamed away.

A great deal of blockading duty was done by the small vessels of the fleets, the torpedo-boats and the armed tug-boats. Many strange encounters took place during those nights when these little craft rolled about in the Caribbean swells, or moved along in hostile waters without a light visible on board.

The tug-boat Leyden had one of these. With her two or three small guns she held up a big ship one night, firing across her bow, and demanding, "What ship is that?" It was the same vessel that had the encounter with the Nashville, the story of which I have told you; and so the answer came back:

"This is Her Majesty's ship, Talbot."

The idea of a tug-boat like the Leyden halting a war-ship in this fashion was not particularly pleasing to the British Captain. Neither was he better pleased when some one on the tug-boat called out, "Good night, Talbot!" But he took it as a new experience, and solemnly replied:

"You may go, Leyden."

The spirit that animated the officers of our navy in these trying times was well expressed by Lieutenant Fremont, who commanded the torpedo-boat Porter. Fremont was the son of John C. Fremont, whom you

may possibly remember as a noted explorer and pioneer in the western part of the United States, and a general during the Civil War; and he possessed the bravery and daring of his father. Some one said to him:

"Those Spanish destroyers have heavier batteries than yours. What would you do if you ran across one of them out here?"

Lieutenant John C. Fremont.

"Well," replied Fremont, "it's my business to keep them from getting in among the fleet. I'd try to do it. I'd engage a destroyer, and if I found his battery was too heavy for me I'd close in. If a chance offered, I'd torpedo him. If not—well, this boat has made twenty-six knots. I'd go at him full speed. I think the Porter would go half way through him before we stopped."

"And then?"

"And then, I think, there would be a swimming match. It saves time to have your mind made up in advance in such matters."

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

THE greatest event of the war between the United States and Spain took place in a strange part of the world, far from both of those countries. If you look on a map of Asia, you will find a large group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, east of the China Sea. They are called the Philippine Islands. The largest of them is called Luzon, and its chief city is Manila, on a large bay of the same name.

These islands were discovered nearly four hundred years ago, by Magellan, as we call him in English, a famous sailor and explorer. He was the first to sail through the strait that is south of South America; and so that strait is still called by his name. After passing through that strait he led his fleet on, farther west, northwest, over the Pacific Ocean, till he came to the islands east of the China Sea. Magellan took possession of them in the name of the King of Spain; for, though not a Spaniard, he was working in the interests of Spain. He gave the islands a name, but the name did not cling to them; and some time after, they were named Islas Filipinas—or, as we say in English, Philippine Islands—

in honor of King Philip II., of Spain. But the savage tribes dwelling in the islands did not submit tamely to Magellan's conquest, and in a fight with them he was killed. Still, the Spaniards held the islands, and established towns there, some of which have become very important. It is said that there are people from all parts of the world living in Manila.

Have you ever heard any one speak of the Filipinos? They are natives of the islands, descendants of the Spanish settlers; besides these there are the native savage tribes, still living in many places. The Filipinos had often tried to gain their independence, but had not been successful. When they heard of the rebellion in Cuba, they thought they would make another attempt against Spain, and so began a new rebellion. And this is just how matters stood when the war began between the United States and Spain.

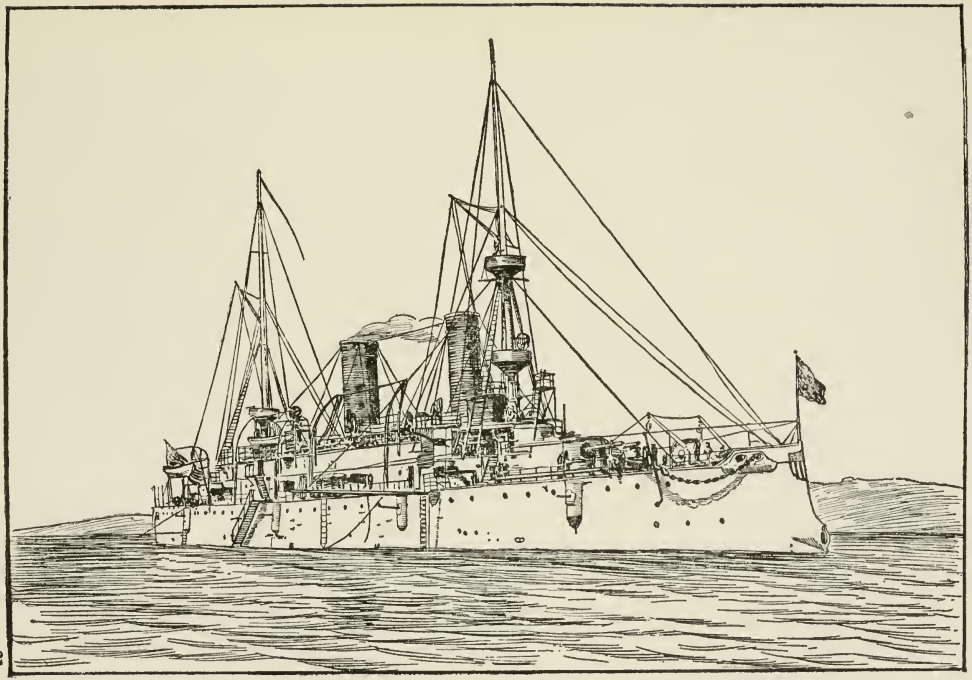
The United States, having some ships in one of the ports of China, sent word to their commander, Commodore Dewey, to turn his attention to the Philippine Islands. So Commodore Dewey prepared his fleet in the best way possible and started for Manila. The ships sailed Wednesday afternoon, April 27th.

You must not think that Commodore Dewey had big battle-ships in his fleet. He had only what we call "cruisers," not big battleships. The ship on which the commander of a whole fleet sails is always the "flagship." Then, of course, each ship has its own

captain and other officers. Would you like to know the names of the ships that won such fame in Manila Bay? The "flagship" was the Olympia; then there were five other cruisers: the Baltimore, the Boston, the Raleigh, the Concord, the Petrel; and a small vessel called the Hugh McCulloch. There were also two steamers carrying coal and provisions. All the fleet had been newly painted gray, to match our other vessels in this war.

During the voyage, the men were very busy getting ready for a battle, for they knew that the Spaniards had ships in Manila Bay, and that they would fire upon the new comers. Everything made of wood that might be shot and splintered, was thrown overboard; for flying splinters are very dangerous on shipboard. Tables, benches, chests, and rails were thrown into the sea. The men were told what to do in time of battle, and how to help the wounded, and the doctors arranged the rooms to be used as hospitals, so that every thing would be handy.

We have seen that the fleet sailed Wednesday afternoon, and the next Saturday morning land was sighted—the island of Luzon. On, on, the ships sped, and that evening they reached the entrance to Manila Bay. Then they stole along in the darkness, with their lights covered, so that the Spaniards might not see them. Our men were doing a daring deed. They were entering a strange bay, by night, where not one of them had ever been before; they did not know the soundings, they had no harbor pilot. The entrance to the bay was guarded by fortresses



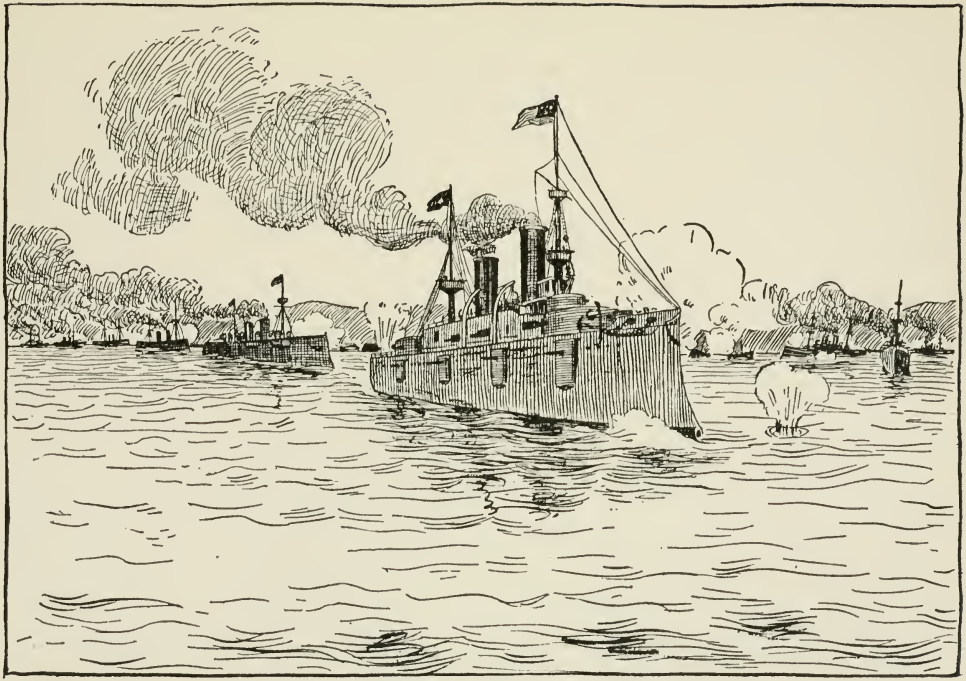
The "Olympia," Admiral Dewey's Flagship.

containing big Krupp guns, and there was good reason to think that there were "mines" in the water, which might blow the ships to pieces. Still, every man was ready to do his duty.

Some of the forts did discover our ships, and fired a few shots; but no harm was done, and our ships steamed on. At daybreak they drew near the city of Manila. The Spaniards were expecting them, having had notice of their approach. The Spanish ships, under Admiral Montojo, were waiting at a place called Cavité, seven miles from Manila. They were protected by batteries on the shore. Having steady guns on the shore should have been a great help to the Spaniards, as it is easier to fire a steady gun than to fire a gun on a ship that is riding up and down on the waves.

The battle began a little after five o'clock, Sunday morning, May 1st, 1898. The Spaniards fired the first shot. All the vessels of our fleet were out in the bay, but, as soon as the Spaniards began to fire, our fighting ships started forward. They did not answer the Spanish fire at first, but steamed up the bay, in a wide circle, toward the city of Manila, then turned and came back toward Cavité. The Olympia led the way. After her came the Baltimore, Raleigh, Concord, Petrel, and Boston. All had their battle-flags flying.

Uninjured by the enemy's shots, the Olympia and her train drew near the Spanish forts and ships. At a distance of a little more than four thousand yards, the



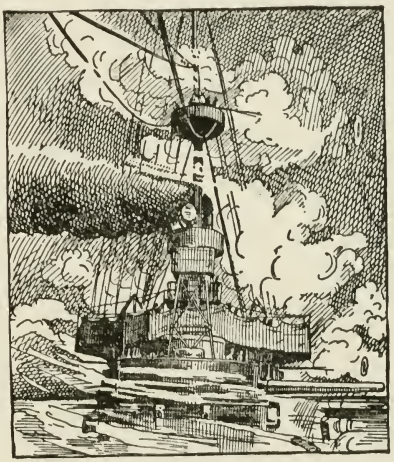
Battle of Manila Bay.

Olympia fired, and the roar of her first gun was the signal to her companions to open fire. Then the firing from both sides became fast and furious. Our ships moved rapidly about, up and down, past Cavité five times. Admiral Montojo came out in his flagship, the Reina Christina, to attack the Olympia. The Olympia poured such a storm of shot at her that she was compelled to turn back toward the harbor. But the Reina Christina had met her doom. As she turned, a huge shell from the Olympia struck her, set her on fire, and killed her captain and many of her men. Admiral Montojo changed his flag to another ship and came forward again, but soon had to turn back. But a moment of great peril came to the Olympia. Two fierce little torpedo-boats came toward her, ready to hurl her to destruction. The gunners of the Olympia instantly opened such a shower of shells from the smaller guns that the surface of the water was covered with foam. The little boats,

Admiral Montojo.

without having had time to send forth a torpedo, were overcome. One of them blew up, then sank, with her crew, beneath the waves. The other, pierced with shots, turned toward the shore and ran upon the beach, a wreck.

After more than two hours of fierce fighting, Commodore Dewey led his ships out into the center of the bay, and the battle ceased for a time. The true reason for this movement was known only to some of the officers. The men were told that they were to haul off to get a little rest and some breakfast. The men believed that they had done great damage to the Spaniards, and were eager to finish the battle at once. In fact, no one really knew then how much damage had been done to the Spanish fleet. The results were not known till afterward. Though the men were hopeful and in good spirits, Commodore Dewey and his staff thought the situation serious. Three of the Spanish ships were on fire, and the Boston had also broken out in flames. The Olympia had



The "Olympia" Leading the Way.

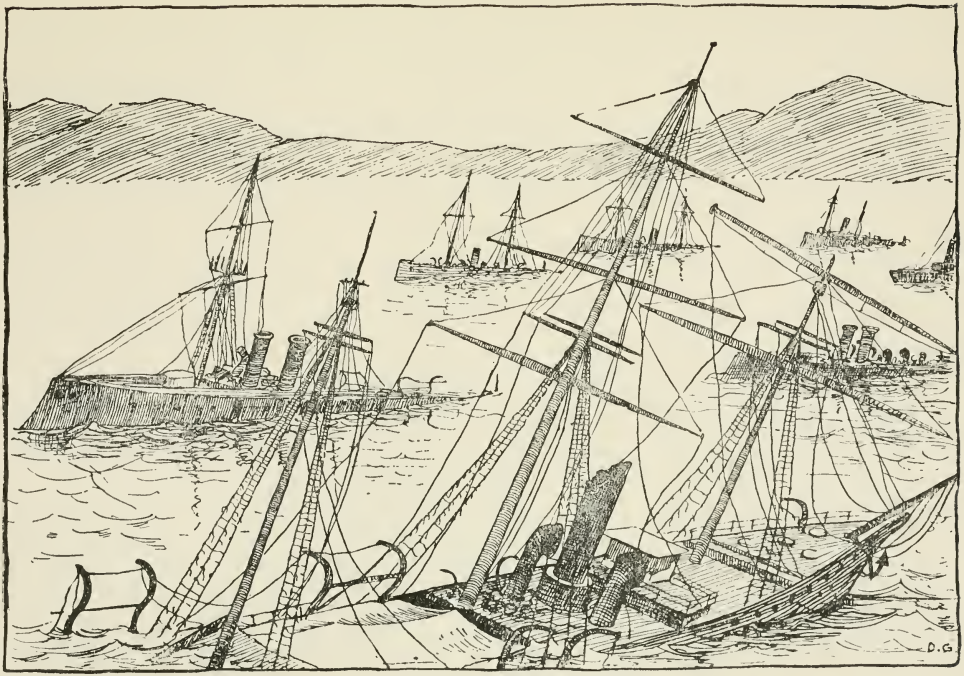
not enough ammunition to continue the fight two hours longer. Our ships were far from home, and could not get a supply of ammunition in less than a month's time. There was good reason to think that the Spanish forts were well supplied.

The Spaniards thought, when our ships drew away from the shore, that the Americans had been overcome and were leaving in order to bury their dead. They found themselves sadly mistaken.

Our men, strengthened by the rest and a breakfast of bread and cold meat, started again to battle a little before eleven o'clock. Soon several of the Spanish ships were on fire, and some of them sank. After the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, some of our ships attacked the forts on the shore and made them surrender. At five minutes after one o'clock the Spaniards hauled down their flag.

The Spaniards did many brave things that day, and fought desperately, but they were not good marksmen. They did not aim their guns well. They lost eleven ships, and had many men killed and wounded. Our ships were not much injured, only seven of our men were wounded, and none were killed.

When our ships drew together after the battle, and our men found that they had suffered so little, and that no one had been killed, they knew not how to control their feelings. Some of them cried like little children. But such tears are not childish. It is said that when the Spanish forts gave the signal of surrender, Commodore



The Destroyed Spanish Fleet.

Dewey turned to his officers near him, and said: "I've the prettiest lot of men that ever stepped on shipboard, and their hearts are as stout as the ships."

You must notice that the city of Manila had not been taken in this battle. We shall see later about its surrender. But the battle of Manila Bay was one of the most remarkable naval battles ever fought.

When Commodore Dewey received his orders to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet, that was known to be somewhere about the Philippine Islands, the Asiatic squadron, as his ships were called, was lying in the harbor of Hong Kong, which is an English port. After the blowing up of the Maine, which occurred in February, you will remember, he began to put his ships in the very best possible condition for a war with Spain, which he and his officers now thought inevitable. Every emergency was provided for; all the vessels were in complete fighting trim.

Because of the neutrality laws, of which I have told you, after war was declared Dewey's ships could not stay at Hong Kong more than twenty-four hours, so he moved them to Mirs Bay, a Chinese port, and from there set out to find the Spanish fleet.

A naval officer, now retired from the service, told me not long ago, the words " capture or destroy " have been used in instructions to naval officers for three hundred years. He also spoke of his acquaintance with Dewey during the Civil War, and upon long cruises when they

were shipmates; and particularly dwelt upon the ability and good judgment that characterized him as a naval officer.

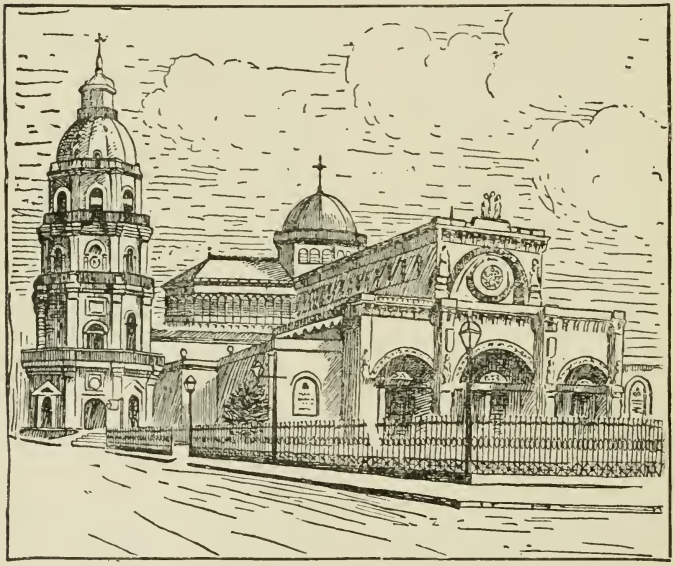
When Dewey received his orders to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet, he is said to have remarked: "Thank the Lord! at last I've got the chance, and I'll wipe them off the Pacific Ocean." He did not know what he was to meet in the way of resistance, but there was not a man in the fleet that doubted the outcome of the encounter. He found the Spanish fleet, fought it until not a ship was left to fly the flag of Spain, and then sent word to the Spanish Governor-general that if another shot was fired at his ships he would lay the city of Manila in ashes.

Admiral George Dewey.

The Island of Corregidor guards the entrance to Manila Bay, but it seemed to be asleep as Dewey's gray ships stole silently by. Once a shell screamed over the Raleigh, followed by another; but the Raleigh, the

Concord and the Boston answered the challenge and soon all was silent. At daybreak the fleet was about five miles from Manila, the American flag flying from each ship.

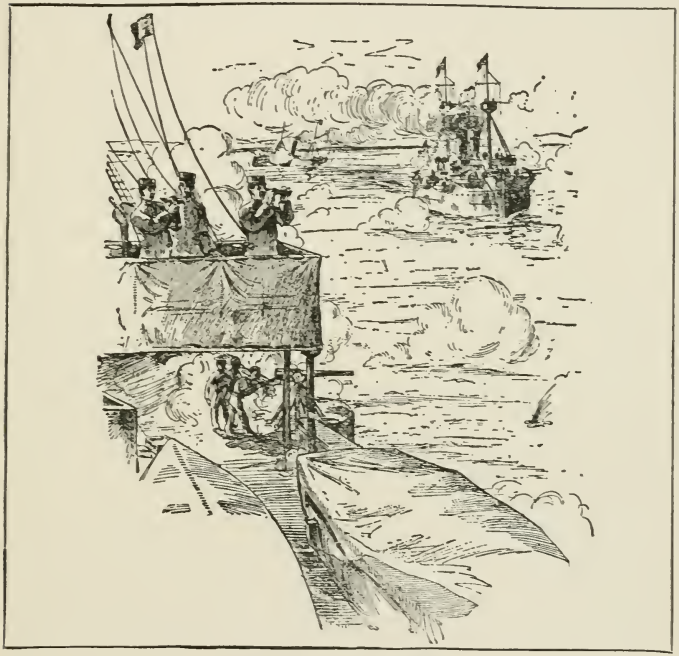
Day breaks quickly in the tropics, and as the sun



Church of the Friars, Manila.

flashed his beams above the horizon, a beautiful picture revealed itself to the men of Dewey's fleet. Before them lay the metropolis of the Philippines, walled in part like a mediæval town; the jangle of church bells

came from lofty towers. To the right, and below the city, lay the Spanish fleet for which they had been searching.



Dewey on the Bridge.

The Spaniards fired the first gun from a powerful battery in front of the city, and the Concord sent two shells in reply, as the American fleet swept grandly past. Before them were the Spanish ships-of-war and

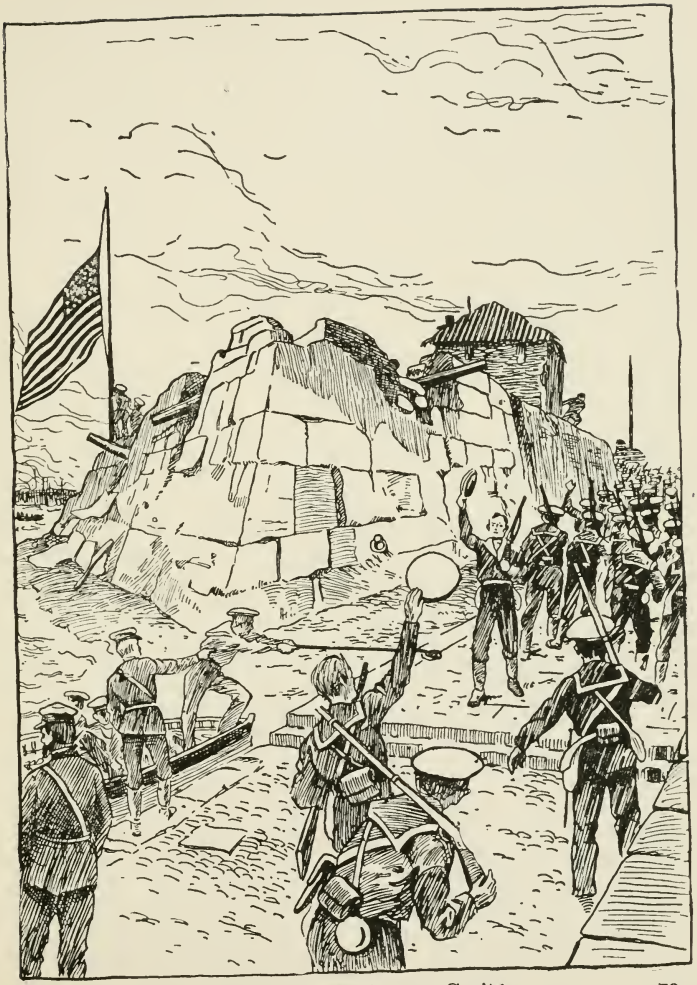
the fortifications at Cavité; between, were shallow waters where they dared not go. Still they swept on, preserving their distances as though performing evolutions in time of peace, the Olympia in the van, drawing nearer and nearer to the ships that flew the red and yellow flag of Spain. The shore batteries again roared defiance to the invaders, but Dewey stood quietly on the bridge of the Olympia, surrounded by the members of his staff. He wore the usual white uniform of the service, and a gray cap such as travelers and bicyclers wear. A huge jet of water now sprang from the peaceful sea, showing that the Spaniards had fired a submarine mine, but no harm was done. Then Dewey gave the quiet order to Captain Gridley, who was in the conning tower:

"Gridley, you may fire when you are ready."

Then the guns of the Olympia spoke, and those of the other ships followed her example. During the five times they passed and repassed the Spanish ships and forts, their courses resembled a gigantic figure 8.

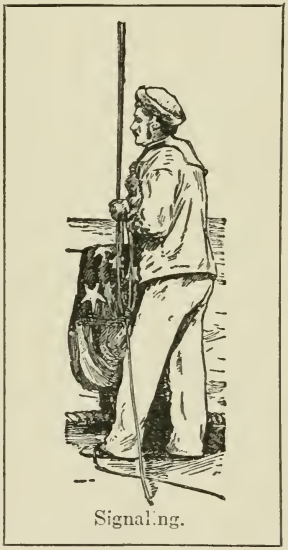
Between the entrance to the bay and the city of Manila is an arm of land or promontory, pointing upwards and towards the city. It is on the right hand side of the bay and is called Cavité. The word means a fish-hook, and the promontory looks something like one. Behind Cavité and in the bay of the same name, the Spanish ships were stationed, and at the little town of Cavité was an arsenal and quite a respectable navy-yard.

When Dewey withdrew his ships to ascertain what



Landing the Marines at Cavité. 73

damage the Spaniards had inflicted upon them, the Spaniards thought they had driven them off, and so they sent a dispatch from Manila to Spain saying that they had won a great victory over the Americans; but when Dewey made the second attack, after breakfast, there was not much more for him to do, for the Spaniards were well whipped. Dewey had met a foreign foe in its own waters, and added another victory to the glorious record of the navy of the United States.



Signaling.

After the battle, one of the signal boys on the flagship wrote a very interesting letter to his friends at home:

" . . . . We are all nearly wild with the effects of victory. The pride of Spain is here under our feet. No doubt before this letter reaches you, you will read full accounts of the battle —a battle that was hard fought and bloodless for the victorious. Not a man in our fleet was killed. Six men were slightly wounded on the Baltimore.

"Say, it was grand! We left Mirs Bay, in China, at two a.m., Wednesday, April 27th. Saturday afternoon

we sighted Subig Bay. The Boston and the Concord were sent ahead of the fleet as scouts. We expected to find the Spanish fleet and have our first engagement. We could not find them there, so the Commodore and Captains held a council of war and decided to run past the forts at night.

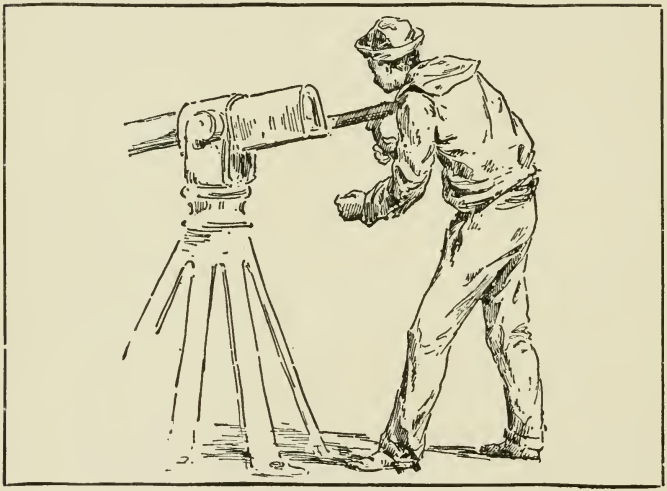
"It was nine-thirty that night when we sighted the entrance. We went quietly to quarters, loaded our guns, shook hands with each other and trusted to luck. I was on signal watch on the aft bridge and could see everything. Not a sound was heard. At twelve o'clock we were under the guns of the first fort. It was an island called Corregidor. I tell you I felt uneasy. The moon was well up, but not a light could be seen.

"There were two signal officers and three other boys with me. We were laughing and joking with one another to steady our nerves. When we were well under the guns a rocket was fired, and every man braced himself. Then you could hear the breech blocks closing and the officers telling the men to aim steady and to kill.

"Well, all the ships passed that fort, but there were twenty-six miles to go yet, and God and the Spaniards alone knew how many batteries, mines and torpedoes were ready to send us all to eternity.

"The Olympia passed two more forts The Baltimore was next to us. She passed all right, but when the Raleigh came under the guns of the second fort, there was a flash and I heard the shriek of the first shell.

Then almost before the shell struck, there was a spout of flame from the Raleigh, and her shell killed forty men, as we learned yesterday. Two more shells were fired at us, but we were well past them. Then the men were told to lie down.

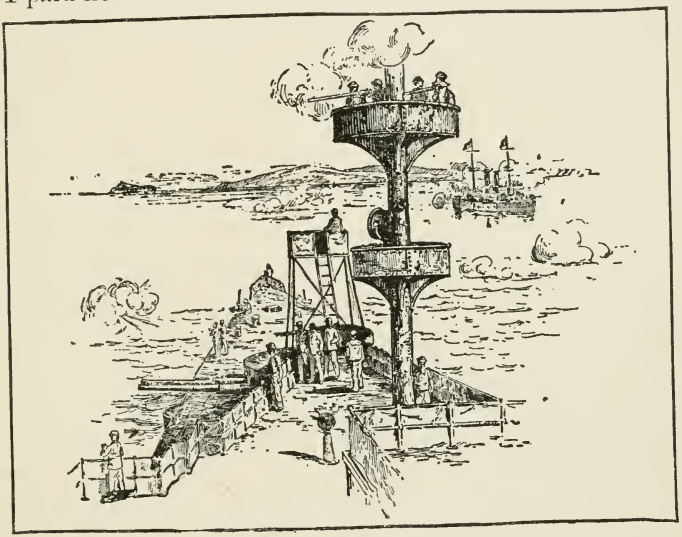


Rapid-fire Gun.

"Now, commenced the signal corps work. Soon our signal lights were flashing the order to close up. At four o'clock I was told by the signal officer to lie down and catch a nap.

"At four, coffee was given to all the men and at fifteen minutes to five, the shore batteries had shells dropping all around, but we did not fire until sixteen min-

utes past five. The Spanish fleet was in sight off the navy yard. Then the fight started in earnest. For a while I thought my time had come. After we made the signal 'commence firing,' we had nothing to do but watch the fight. The shells flew over our heads so quick I paid no attention to them.



The Olympia's Military Mast.

"After an hour and fifteen minutes, the Spanish admiral had two ships sunk under him. We withdrew for a short time, not knowing we had them whipped. As we were leaving, three ships were burning. At nine-twenty-five, we started again. In a short time the ar-

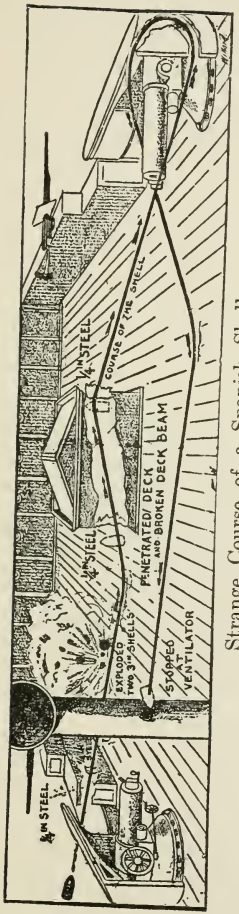
senal went up and the Government buildings were in flames.

"The battle lasted altogether three hours and some minutes. At eleven-fifteen the white flag was shown, and you might hear us cheer. The ship was hit about six times. The Spaniards lost terribly. The rebels attacked the enemy. It is something wonderful when you consider the advantage they had over us. They had eleven ships to our six. Their ships could run behind a neck of land near the navy yard. The shore batteries were firing on us from three points. But our marksmanship was too much for them; our fire was so rapid they could not stand it. They lost about two thousand men, so the rumor says. We sank four ships and burned seven. It was a grand, beautiful sight to see those ships burn.

"I was ashore yesterday, and we destroyed all the guns. I managed to get a few souvenirs. Two torpedo boats attempted to blow us up, but one was sunk and one was beached. I saw her. She was full of holes and blood was all over her bow. . . . . .

"I hope the ships at home have as good luck as us. I wrote this on captured paper with a Spanish officer's pen."

Like many other vessels in the navy, the Olympia has a complete printing outfit on board, and issues, at intervals, a very creditable sheet called the "Bounding Billow." This is its account of a Spanish shot:



Strange Course of a Spanish Shell.

"One shot struck the Baltimore in the starboard waist, just abaft one of the six-inch guns. It passed through the hammock nettings, exploded a couple of three-pounder shells, wounding six men, then across the deck, striking the cylinder of a gun, making it temporarily useless, then running around the shield it spent itself between two ventilators, just forward of the engine-room hatch. The shell is in possession of the captain."

When the news of the glorious victory in Manila Bay reached the United States, the people went wild with joy. Commodore Dewey was thanked by Congress, and afterwards was made a rear-admiral. In December, Congress revived the grade and rank of admiral and conferred it upon Rear-Admiral Dewey, and he and all of his men were presented with medals of honor made expressly for the purpose. The raising of Admiral Dewey's new flag on the

Olympia was an interesting ceremony. As the blue bunting with its four white stars fluttered to the peak of the flagship, the crews of all the vessels in the fleet were at quarters; the officers in full dress for the occasion. The marines paraded; the drums gave four "ruffles" as the Admiral stepped upon the deck; the Olympia's band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and an admiral's salute of seventeen guns echoed across Manila Bay from every American ship; followed by salutes of the same number of guns from each foreign war vessel in the harbor.

THE GIFT OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE OFFICERS OF THE SQUADRON UNDER THE COMMAND OF COM. GEORGE DEWEY
IN MEMORY OF THE VICTORY OF MANILA BAY
MAY 1898

The Dewey Medal of Honor.

CHAPTER V.

THE MERRIMAC.

WHILE Admiral Sampson had been fixing the blockade he had also been forming plans to close the channel, and so keep any large ship from stealing out of the bay. For, although our men watched closely, there was always a chance that in a fog or storm the Spanish ships might slip out without being seen. Admiral Sampson knew that the Spaniards could remove anything that might be sunk to close the channel, but the work would take time, and meanwhile our Army might arrive on the land back of Santiago, and then our Army and Navy could help each other. Time was what

Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson.

was needed in order to have all things ready for forcing the Spaniards out of Santiago and taking possession of the city.

So, plans were made for sinking a coal steamer across the narrowest part of the channel, and thus blocking the way. Now you shall hear of one of the bravest deeds ever done in war.

The work of closing the channel was put into the hands of Lieutenant Hobson. The collier Merrimac was chosen as the vessel to be sunk. You have no idea how much had to be done before the Merrimac was ready. There were hours and hours of work. The crew had to take off all the things that were not to be sunk, the machinery had to be fixed in certain ways, the heavy anchors had to be placed in the right parts, and the torpedoes, which Lieutenant Hobson made for blowing holes in the vessel at the right moment, had to be fitted into their places. More than two thousand tons of coal had to be shoveled away from certain places in the hold to make room for the torpedoes and to leave spaces for the water to rush in and sink the vessel. So, much hard work was done before the good collier was ready to be forced under the waves.

There was only a small chance that the men who took the Merrimac into the channel would ever see their friends again. Death in the waves, or death in the hands of the Spaniards, was the prospect. Lieutenant Hobson said that he would not take one man more than was

needed. A signal was put up on all the ships, to find out the men who were willing to go in the Merrimac. Hundreds of brave fellows sent in their names, begged to go, gave good reasons why they thought they ought to go, and were grieved to be refused. Lieutenant Hobson chose only six, but at the last minute a seventh man got his chance; so, counting Lieutenant Hobson, there were eight men going to almost certain death.

After the passing away of the old wooden ships of the navy, and before our war with Spain, it was often said that opportunities for individual bravery and daring had departed from the navy; but this was disproved in the case of Lieutenant Hobson and his men, and in many other instances. Every man in the fleet was ready to go on the Merrimac and do what he was told to do; and so long as such men man our ships our navy can never be conquered. They will fight to the uttermost and go down with their colors rather than strike them.

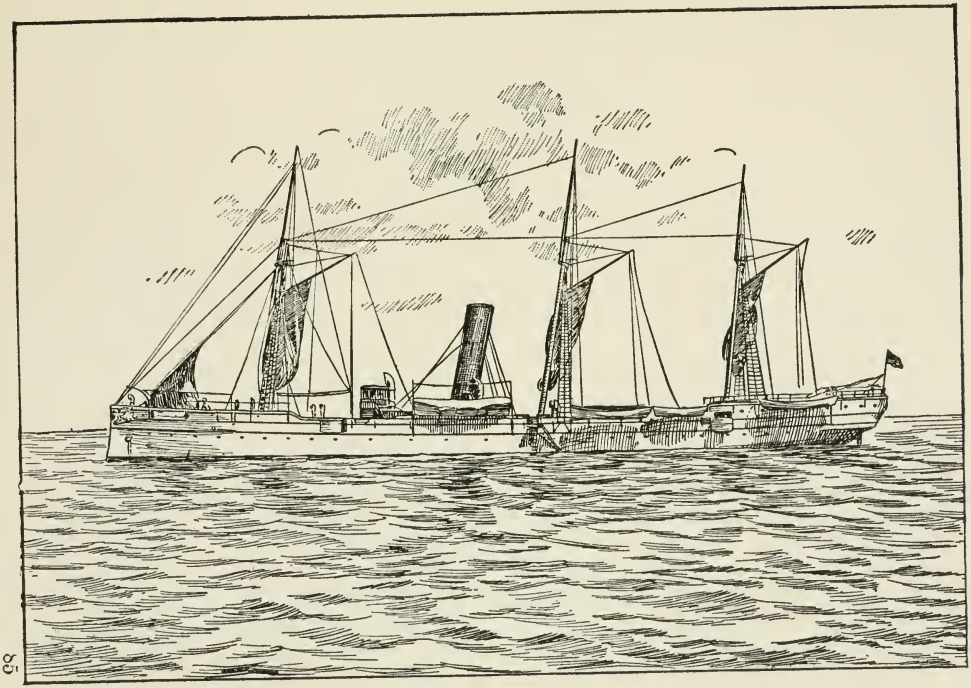
Thursday evening, the second of June, arrives, and the Merrimac is all ready for her last voyage. The men are on board, waiting for the time to start. Quietly and fearlessly they pass the night, but they do not sleep, they cannot sleep. Behind the Merrimac, farther out at sea, stand the faithful vessels of our fleet, huge, pale shadows in the night. The full moon lights up the channel that the Merrimac will enter after awhile when the moon is low. On both sides of the channel rise the high cliffs with their forts. Morro Castle frowns upon the scene. Beyond—far beyond, are the mountain tops.

A basket of food and a kettle of coffee had been sent on board by the flagship, and after midnight the men sit down on deck to eat their last meal on board the Merrimac.

A little before two o'clock, Friday morning, June 3d, the Merrimac starts for the channel. Each man is at his post; each knows his duty and intends to do it. The men are not wearing their naval uniforms, but are clad only in woolen underclothes, woolen stockings, with no shoes. Each man wears a life-preserver, and a belt with a revolver fastened to it.

On, on goes the vessel, swiftly, surely, heading for the channel. Suddenly shots begin to pour upon the Merrimac; the Spaniards in the forts have seen her approach. Still she plunges on, not heeding the fire from the forts. Lieutenant Hobson gives the signal to stop the engine, to turn the vessel in the right way across the channel, to fire the torpedoes, to drop the anchors. Shells from the forts are exploding all around, and the noise is terrible. But hard luck meets the Merrimac. A shot has broken her rudder, so she cannot be steered; a shot has broken the chain of one of her anchors, so the anchor is gone; some of the torpedoes will not go off, so not enough holes can be made to sink the Merrimac quickly; the tide is sweeping her into the channel farther than she ought to go.

The men, having done their work, lie flat on deck to avoid the shots, and wait anxiously for the moment



The "Merrimac."

when the vessel shall go down. In a few minutes the Merrimac tosses low to one side, then to the other, then plunges, bow foremost, into the waves. Now the men are thrown into the whirling water. But see! they manage to swim to the life-raft, which had been fastened by a long rope to the Merrimac and is now floating on the waves. They cling to the raft, only heads and hands above water. They keep quiet, for the Spaniards are out in small boats now, looking to see what damage has been done. The Spaniards do not see our men clinging to the flat raft. So Lieutenant Hobson and his crew stay in the water, which is very chilly in the early morning; their teeth chatter, their limbs ache. Meanwhile day dawns beautifully over the hills of Santiago.

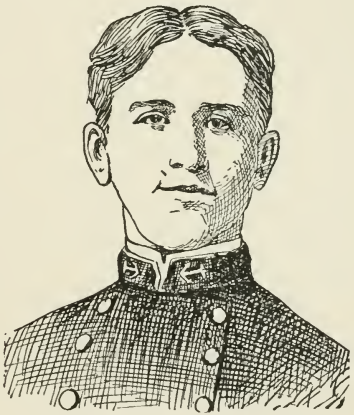
An hour passes in this way. Now a steam-launch is seen coming toward the raft. Lieutenant Hobson hails the launch, asks for the officer in charge, and surrenders himself and his men. They are helped into the launch, prisoners in the hands of the Spaniards. The officer is Admiral Cervera.

Naval Cadet Powell, of the New York, performed a feat in many respects as heroic as that of Hobson and his men. He volunteered to take the launch of the flagship and a small crew, patrol the mouth of the harbor and attempt to rescue Hobson and his plucky crew should any of them survive after the Merrimac had been blown up. This is his story:

"Lieutenant Hobson took a short sleep for a few hours,

which was often interrupted. A quarter to two o'clock he came on deck and made a final inspection, giving his last instructions. Then we had a little lunch.

"Hobson was just as cool as a cucumber. About two-twenty I took the men who were not going on the trip into the launch and started for the Texas, which was the nearest ship, but had to go back for one of the assistant engineers, whom Hobson finally compelled to leave. I shook hands with Hobson the last of all. He said: 'Powell, watch the boat's crew when we pull out of the harbor. We will be cracks, rowing thirty strokes to the minute.'



Naval Cadet Jos. W. Powell.

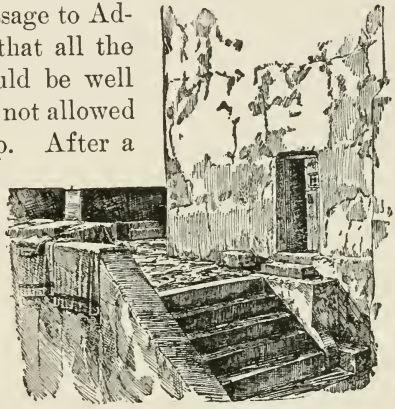
"After leaving the Texas, I saw the Merrimac steaming slowly in. It was only fairly dark then, and the shore was quite visible. We followed about three-quarters of a mile astern. The Merrimac stood about a mile to the westward of the harbor, and seemed a bit mixed, turning completely around; finally, heading to the east, she ran down, then turned in. We were then

chasing him, because I thought Hobson had lost his bearings. When Hobson was about two hundred yards from the harbor the first gun was fired from the eastern bluffs.

"We were then half a mile off shore, close under the batteries. The firing increased rapidly. We steamed in slowly and lost sight of the Merrimac in the smoke, which the wind carried off shore. It hung heavily. Before Hobson could have blown up the Merrimac the western battery picked up and commenced firing. They shot wild, and we only heard the shots. We ran in still closer to the shore, and the gunners lost sight of us. Then we heard the explosion of the torpedoes on the Merrimac. Until daylight we waited just outside the breakers, half a mile to the westward of Morro, keeping a bright look-out for the boat or for swimmers, but saw nothing. Hobson had arranged to meet us at that point, but, thinking that some one might have drifted out, we crossed in front of Morro and the mouth of the harbor to the eastward. About five o'clock we crossed the harbor again, within a quarter of a mile, and stood to the westward.

"In passing we saw one spar of the Merrimac sticking out of the water. We hugged the shore just outside of the breakers for a mile, and then turned towards the Texas, when the batteries saw us and opened fire. It was then broad daylight. The first shot fired dropped thirty yards astern, but the other shots went wild. I drove the launch for all she was worth, finally making the New York. The men behaved splendidly."

How did our brave men fare as prisoners? They were taken to one of the Spanish warships, were fed and clothed, and treated as friends. Admiral Cervera sent a message to Admiral Sampson, saying that all the men were safe and would be well treated. But they were not allowed to stay long on the ship. After a few hours they were taken to Morro Castle, which they did not find a pleasant prison, though they were not badly treated. Lieutenant Hobson, by climbing up to the little window in his cell, could see our ships far out at sea. In a few days the prisoners were taken from Morro Castle to another prison in the city of Santiago. You shall hear of them again.



Hobson's Cell.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE WORK DONE BY THE NAVY.

I HAVE not told you all the brave deeds done by our Navy soon after our ships had reached Cuba, but I will go back, for a few minutes, to the 11th of May. A very sad affair took place at Cardenas, a port about twenty miles east of Matanzas, the place where the first shots were fired. Some of our smaller vessels blockading Cardenas were bold enough to go into the harbor to fight some Spanish gunboats. Though our men gained a victory, it was dearly bought, for our torpedo-boat Winslow was nearly destroyed, and five of her men were killed. That same day, across the island, at Cienfuegos, on the south shore of Cuba, our men succeeded in cutting the cables under the water, the story of which I have told you.

Before the Cubans began to fight the Spaniards, in 1895, Cardenas was a very pleasant city in which to live. So many Americans who had business interests in Cuba lived there, that it was frequently spoken of as the American city. Like Matanzas, it was the shipping point for a great sugar-growing district, and one of the finest sugar plantations in Cuba was in the vicinity of the city.

The bay used to be a famous resort for pirates, but they were exterminated a great many years ago by war vessels of the United States. Now I will tell you the story of the Winslow.

The blockading vessels off Cardenas were the Machias, the Wilmington and the Hudson. It was determined to enter the inner harbor and attack three small gunboats which were known to be there. While preparations for the attack were being made, the Winslow came in from off Mantanzas, for coal, and was given a place in the attacking force. The Winslow, Wilmington and Hudson entered the inner harbor through a small channel to the eastward, near Blanco Cay. The Winslow went in closer than the others, and almost before her plucky commander knew it, the fire of the Spanish gunboats and of some shore batteries was concentrated on this frail craft.

The Winslow was a torpedo-boat, and this class of vessels do not have very thick sides or carry heavy guns. They are very fast and the powerful torpedoes they carry can destroy the largest and heaviest ship afloat.

The Winslow returned the Spanish fire splendidly, but at last a shot crashed into her bow and disabled her boiler. Another tore away her steering gear; and then she rolled helplessly while the Spaniards made her a target for every gun they could bring to bear. Seeing her helpless condition, the Hudson came to her assistance and tried to get a line on board. After awhile she succeeded, but when she attempted to tow her away the line parted.

She made a second attempt, but just at the instant the little group on the Winslow caught the line, a shell burst in their very faces. Several of the crew, including the commander of the Winslow, were wounded, and Ensign Bagley and four seamen were instantly killed. There was scarcely a man left on the torpedo-boat to make the line fast, but it was done at last, and the Hudson towed the shattered Winslow out of danger. It was a very brave thing that the officers and men of the Hudson did, and later they were thanked by Congress, and a medal of honor was presented to each of them.

Ensign Worth Bagley.

I think you will be pleased to learn that the next day the Wilmington went into the harbor again, and with her big guns tore the forts and batteries to atoms, sank two gunboats and two other vessels, and burned a block-house.

Ensign Bagley, the first and the only line officer in the navy to fall in the war with Spain, was one of the most popular of young naval officers. While at the

Academy at Annapolis he became known as an all-round athlete, but his greatest triumphs were on the foot-ball field. His record throughout his naval career was stainless, and the news of his death was received with sorrow by the people of the United States.

Now I will tell you the story of how the United States flag was raised for the first time on the island of Cuba during the war; and I will tell it in the words of Ensign Willard, of the Machias, the officer who performed the deed. It was done while the fight was going on in Cardenas harbor.

"The Machias drew too much water for the channel to the eastward, and moved up the main channel to within one mile of its narrowest part abreast of Diana Cay. This channel was supposed to be mined and the mines operated from the block-house and signal station on Diana Cay. This place was shelled, and, under cover of this fire, a boat's crew of nineteen sailors and marines, under my command, made a landing on the opposite side of the Cay.

"The Spanish hastily left the place, disappearing completely. A Spanish flag, signal flags, etc., and a quantity of ammunition, were captured, and the United States flag raised. Then search was made for mines and the channel dragged for two hours. Before leaving, everything at the station was burned or destroyed, including nine large row-boats. For the raising of this flag I was later awarded, through the New York 'Herald,' a prize of one

hundred dollars, which was divided pro rata by me among the men who accompanied me on the expedition."

Early in June, brave work was done by our sailors at Guantanamo, a short distance east of Santiago. They took the harbor and destroyed the forts there, in order that our ships might have a place where they could get coal without going far from Santiago. The coal steamers could not supply the whole fleet, so our vessels had been going for coal all the way back to Key West, south of Florida. It was a great help to have a coaling place at Guantanamo, but our sailors had much hard work to take the place.

Commander B. H. McCalla.

Now I will tell you about some of this hard work, and something about two men who made it possible to land the marines and establish a coaling station in Guantanamo Bay. The men were Commander McCalla, of the Marblehead, and Captain Brownson, of the Yankee.

Long before the Spanish fleet put into the harbor of Santiago, the Marblehead was along the southern coast

of Cuba, poking her nose into every inlet, cutting cables, and communicating with the Cubans. McCalla had her stripped of everything but her guns and her steering gear, and everywhere she went she became a terror to the Spaniards. She dared to go anywhere and do anything. Every man on the ship was devoted to McCalla, and every gunner on board was a crack shot, because they were kept shooting at something all the time. If they couldn't find a Spanish gunboat to shoot at, they fired at floating targets.

When it was decided to clear everything Spanish out of the bay, so our ships could use it, McCalla and Brownson were sent down there to do the work; but first I will tell you a story about Brownson, so you can see that he was just the right kind of a man to go along with McCalla.

In the early part of 1894 there was a civil war in Brazil. The entire Brazilian navy had taken sides with the insurgents and completely blockaded the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Ships of all nations were there, waiting to enter the harbor, but the insurgents would not let them. Admiral Benham was sent there to look after American interests, with his flagship, the San Francisco; and Captain, then Commander, Brownson, was there with his ship, the Detroit. The blockade had to be broken, and Brownson was selected as the man to do it.

One morning there was a stir on board the Detroit. The awnings came down, her flag was sent aloft and her

guns were shotted. Brownson ordered the anchor hoisted, and, with the men at the guns, the cruiser headed towards the city. The flags of the English, German and Italian ships were dipped in salute as she moved ahead. Two American ships, the Amy and the Good News, were anchored under the guns of two of the insurgent fleet.

Capt. Willard H. Brownson.

As the Detroit passed close by the Trajano, a marine on that ship raised a musket and fired a bullet over the heads of the sailors on the Amy, which was following close behind the Detroit.

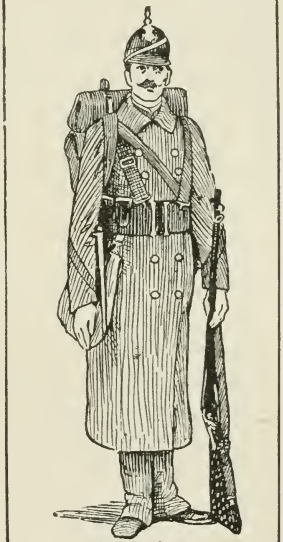
When the shot was fired Brownson turned to a gunner and ordered him to shoot into the Trajano at the water line and about six feet from the stern. The order was misunderstood and was sent across the Trajano's bow instead.

"Trajano, ahoy!" hailed Brownson. "If you fire again I will sink you." Not a shot was fired.

"You go ahead," shouted Brownson to the Amy, "and I'll protect you"; and although there were insurgent ships all about, the Amy passed into the harbor unmo-

lested, with the ships of other nations closely following her. Then the Detroit returned to her anchorage. Brownson had raised the blockade.

Guantanamo Bay is one of the most famous harbors on the southern coast of Cuba. It is deep, wide and smooth as a mill pond. At the entrance the harbor is broad and open, but afterwards it is narrower, and in this place the Spaniards had placed a lot of mines and two little gunboats.



A Marine.

When the Marblehead and the Yankee steamed into the bay they began to make trouble for the Spaniards at once. There was a block-house on a hill, but they quickly knocked that to pieces. Then they silenced the fire of the fort and chased the gunboats as far as they could go. Next they shelled the woods, and, having made a general cleaning out, they sent word to the fleet that they could land the marines at any time.

On June 10, a detachment of marines from the Oregon landed, and soon afterwards six hundred more were landed from the troop-ship Panther. They found plenty

of evidence that the Marblehead's shells had induced the Spaniards to depart in a hurry. Watches, hammocks, two field guns, and a lot of ammunition, were lying around. There were a few buildings left, but the marines soon set fire to them. They then drove off a few Spaniards who were about, and then pitched their tents. Pretty soon they were attacked by a large body of Spaniards, but they drove them off after having several men killed and quite a number wounded. The place of encampment was named Camp McCalla, in honor of the gallant commander of the Marblehead.

Before the marines were reinforced they were fighting nearly all the time. It was the first time that most of them had been in battle, but they fought like veterans. The Spaniards were very cunning and constantly planned surprises for them, but the marines finally drove them away and held their position until reinforcements came. One of the marines, in writing home, said:

"They fight Indian fashion, and the guerillas strip off all their clothing and dress themselves with leaves and crawl along the ground like snakes, and at night it is very hard to see or hear them. Then, again, they dig holes in the ground and cover them over with brush and conceal themselves there until their prey comes along. Their signals are very hard to understand, and they sound like birds and are very deceiving.

"We have to carry our rifles and ammunition with us wherever we go. Yesterday morning, while we were eat-

A Spanish Guerilla. 99

L. of C.

ing our breakfast, they fired upon us, and we immediately pursued them. We had quite a battle and came out victorious by a big score. We killed sixty and left about fifteen or twenty badly wounded. We had a lucky escape, only two men being wounded. We stayed out all night, and were relieved by another company this morning, and we had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours; but this is not the first time that we have missed our meals—it is an every-day occurrence. We had four hardtacks, a little piece of butter and a cup of coffee.

"We were reinforced by sixty Cuban insurgents last night. They were fitted out with uniforms and rifles by the Marblehead, and they all carry that deadly-looking weapon, the machete."

The machete is the national weapon of Cuba. It looks somewhat like a sword, but instead of being pointed like that weapon, it is broader at the part farthest from the hilt. A strong man can strike a terrible blow with it. It is used all over the island as an agricultural tool as well, for it serves the purpose of a scythe or an axe.

A brave deed was done by a young officer of the Navy all by himself—a deed as brave as that done by Lieutenant Hobson. It was not really known how many Spanish ships were in the harbor of Santiago. I have told you that they could not be seen by our ships on account of the narrow entrance and high cliffs. It was very important to know how many Spanish ships there were. So Lieutenant Blue went ashore at some safe point, and

In the Trenches at Guantanamo.

climbed round the hilltops of Santiago at night, looked at the harbor, and counted the ships twice, in order to make no mistake. It was a long journey and full of danger. Lieutenant Blue might have been taken as a spy, but he reached our ships again, and made his report to Admiral Sampson.

Lieutenant Victor Blue.

Early in June our blockading ships made efforts to destroy the forts at the harbor of Santiago, but did not succeed, though the shells from our ships did a good deal of harm. It was on account of these attacks that Lieutenant Hobson and his crew were removed from their cells in Morro Castle and taken to another prison, as I have told you. The English Consul at Santiago, a wise and good man, told the Spanish general that Lieutenant Hobson and his men could not, in honor, be kept where they might be killed by shells from their own ships. So the prisoners were removed.

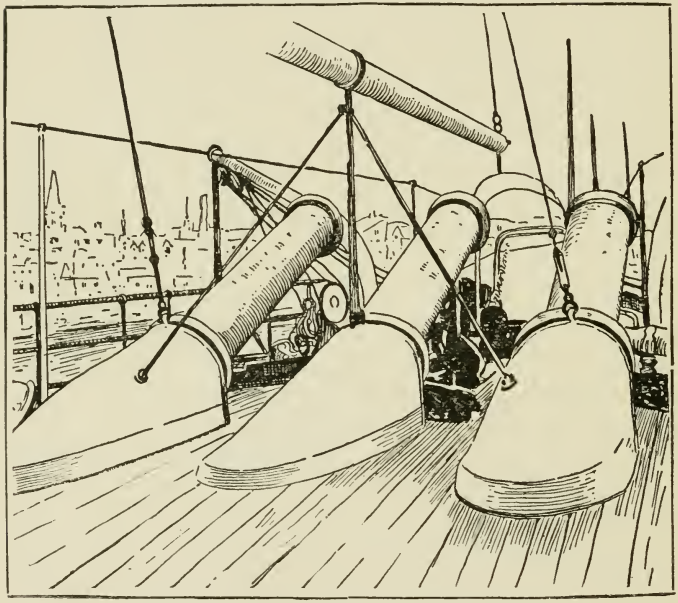
The forts at Santiago received a terrible punishment,

if they were not destroyed, and one of Admiral Cervera's ships, the Maria Teresa, was considerably damaged by shells that went over the forts into the harbor. There were several other warships in the harbor besides those that came with Admiral Cervera. The Reina Mercedes was nearly destroyed by the shells from our ships. Our old friend, the Oregon, sent a big shell over the hills that swept nearly everything off her decks. Other shots riddled her hull and sank her.

The Santiago fortifications were bombarded a number of times and some splendid shots were made. There was a battery to the west of the harbor that fired more accurately than the others, and so the Texas got the range and dropped a shell into the powder magazine one day. Everything about that battery seemed to be in the air at once when that shell exploded. Nothing was left of it but a pile of ruins and a big hole in the ground.

There is a ship in the United States navy that is unlike any other in the world. She has three long guns which are built into the ship and do not turn to one side or the other. The whole ship has to be pointed at the object which the gunners wish to hit. She does not fire shells loaded with powder, as other warships do, but uses a long shell filled with gun-cotton, or dynamite, both of which are deadly explosives. When one of these shells strikes anything the effect is terrible. The Vesuvius, for that is the name of this ship, fired several of these shells over the fortifications at Santiago, in the direction where

the Spanish fleet was lying. She did not hit any of them, but she tore great holes in the sand and rocks near by. It is said that the Spaniards called the Vesuvius "The Hurler of Earthquakes," because of the damage



Forward Deck and Guns of the Vesuvius.

her shells did. The guns of the Vesuvius are really firing tubes. No powder is used in them, compressed air being the power that expels the shells. Very little noise is made, and there is no smoke.

If one small shell should strike the Vesuvius it would send men and boat to the bottom at once, because she has so much deadly gun-cotton on board. Her crew is almost afraid to move.

"Why, I'm afraid to even snore in my sleep," said one of them, "for fear I'll discharge the gun-cotton; and as for kicking in my sleep—why, I'm as quiet as a drugged snake."

"We slide along," said another; "we're afraid to walk at first. I went on tiptoe for the first three days."

"Well, I went on my hands and knees the day it was so rough," said a third. "A fellow has to learn to walk on any part of his anatomy in this ship when the sea is rough."

A Jacky.

The Vesuvius has been described as a ship which fights and then runs away. That is, she fires three shells and then takes herself out of the range of an enemy's fire.

I think this is a good place to tell you about a few more of the odd ships that belong to Uncle Sam's navy, for no nation beside ours has anything like them.

The Katahdin is an armored ram which relies upon her sharp prow to disable an adversary. Her armament is only four six-pounder rapid-fire guns.

Then there is a fleet of vessels whose duty it is to repair the damages that ships receive in battle, supply fuel and water to fighting ships, and to care for the wounded. All of these are novel additions to the navy, but are practical auxiliaries in modern naval operations.

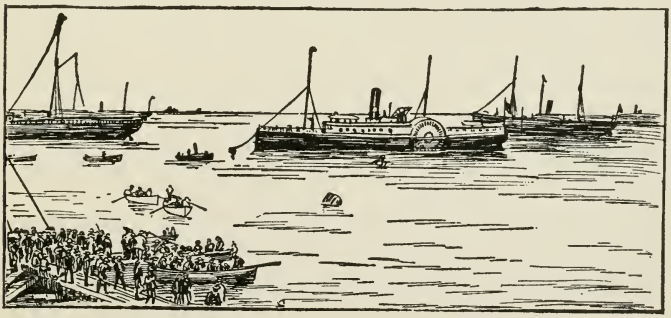
The Vulcan is one of the repair ships. It is, in fact, a navigable machine shop, fitted with steam tools for executing any work in metal. It carries duplicates of nearly every article belonging to a modern warship; and when you understand that some of these contain nearly seventy sets of engines, you can easily see the advantage of having a repair ship attached to a fleet.

Then there are the refrigerating ships, or "pantries," as the sailors call them. Their mission is to assist in feeding the navy. They are most valuable additions to a fleet, for they supply fresh meat and vegetables to improve "Jack's" diet of "salt horse."

Next come the ships that supply fresh water to the crews of our warships. These are fitted up with distilling apparatus, which converts salt water into fresh. The Iris, as one of these is named, belongs to the "sweet water squadron." The water consumption of a vessel is enormous. A battle-ship will use seven thousand gallons every day, which gives you an idea of the work such vessels as the Iris have to perform.

Now we come to such ships as the Solace and the Relief. These are hospital ships, and are provided with every appliance and convenience to be found in a modern hospital, including X-ray outfits to aid in locating bullets, a microscopic department, and a carbonator for supplying mineral waters. The hull of the Solace is painted white, with a wide stripe of green along the sides, and, as befits her mission, carries no guns or weapons of any kind. Hospital ships fly the "Red Cross" flag from their mastheads.

Our ships could guard Santiago and fire at the forts, but our naval officers had good reasons for thinking that they could not take the city unless our soldiers were on shore to help in different ways. Our ships could not go safely into the harbor till the "mines" under the water had been removed; the "mines" could not be removed till the forts on the cliffs had been taken. So now the time had come for our soldiers to go to Cuba.



CHAPTER VII.

OUR ARMY GOES TO CUBA.

OUR soldiers—thousands of "Regulars" and thousands and thousands of "Volunteers"—were waiting in camps in the eastern and southern parts of the United States, in order to be ready to start for Cuba at short notice. Thousands of them were never ordered to go, but stayed in camp during all the war. Still, they were ready to go if needed.

About the middle of June more than 16,000 soldiers, under General Shafter, sailed from Tampa, on the west coast of Florida, for the southeastern shore of Cuba. It was hard work to ship so many men, and 2,000 horses and mules, and food, and all the things needed for war. It took one week to load the ships. How many ships were needed for this big "excursion party"? Thirty-four. Do you think our soldiers had a pleasant voyage? They had not. They were crowded together, the weather was very hot, some of the vessels were old and slow, and it was six days before our Army drew near our Navy at Santiago, and waited till plans were made for further movements.

Perhaps you are wondering where the Cubans were

all this time, and what they were doing. As our country was trying to help them, did not the Cubans now come forward to join our forces? Yes. Several times brave Americans had made their way in secret to distant parts of Cuba, had met the Cuban generals, had talked with them, and brought back messages. And now Admiral Sampson came out in a small boat to meet our soldiers, and he took General Shafter on shore, a few miles west of Santiago, to hold an important council with a number of Cuban generals. The Cuban generals, chief of whom were General Garcia and General Rabi, told our officers a good deal about the country, the roads, etc., and planned to unite the Cuban troops with ours.

A Volunteer.

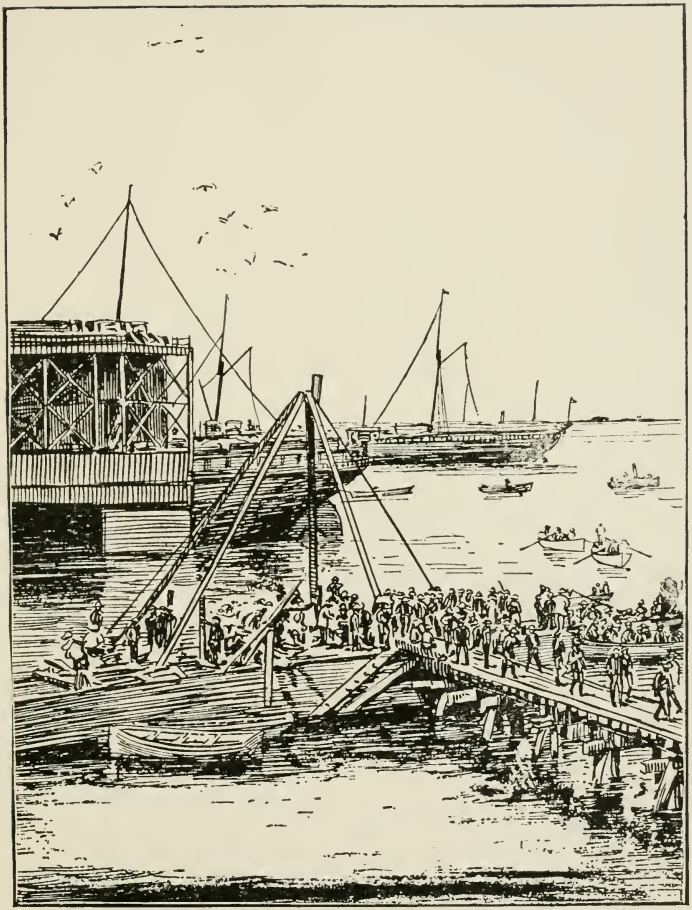
When General Shafter returned, he ordered the soldiers to sail on fifteen miles beyond Santiago, to a point called Daiquiri. This was their landing-place. It was harder to land in Cuba than it had been to leave Florida. Admiral Sampson sent some of his ships to fire upon the

shore and drive away the Spaniards, and he also sent small boats to take our soldiers from the ships to the land. There were not boats enough, so the landing was slow work. There was great trouble in getting the horses and mules to swim ashore. But it takes less time to unpack than to pack, and after four days our Army was on shore.

Our men were in a rough part of the country. Steep hills were everywhere, the valleys were narrow, the roads were more like ditches. Thick underbrush, prickly bushes and tall grasses grew in many places. A number of men were set to work making roads, so that the wagons with the army supplies could push on. It was the wet season, and rain fell every day. Sometimes the streams would rise quickly and flood the new roads. When the rain was not falling the air was hot, and a steam seemed to rise from the ground. It seemed as if our men had no chance at all.

Spanish soldiers had been sent out from Santiago, and were now busy building log forts on hills a few miles from our camps, and piling up stones and branches of trees to make mounds, and putting up fences of barbed wire. In such places of shelter the Spaniards waited for our troops to march forward.

You must understand that the city that our troops wanted to reach was Santiago, but between them and it lay this rough country, where marching would be so hard, and where the Spaniards had forts on some of the hilltops.



Landing Troops at Daiquiri.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS.

A NUMBER of our officers thought it would be best not to go forward till some roads had been made, so that the army wagons could be sent on; but General Shafter thought it would be best to march on at once. He feared that after a week or ten days in that climate many of our men might have fever and be unfit for service. So, even before all the men had landed, General Shafter ordered the first ones to go forward and drive the Spaniards from a place near Siboney. Thus, some of our troops began their march just after landing from the boats. About two hundred Cuban soldiers went with them, to lead the way and watch for the hiding-places of the Spaniards.

The troops reached the place in the evening, but found that the Spaniards had left it and gone about three miles further westward to a stronger fort. Our men rested all night, and before daylight the next morning—Friday, June 24th—they marched on to hunt the enemy.

Now I must tell you something about these soldiers who were going to fight their first battle in Cuba. There

were nearly a thousand men; some were "Regulars," others were "Volunteers." They belonged to the Cavalry division of the Army—the soldiers who go on horses. But for this first work in Cuba they had to go on foot, without their horses.

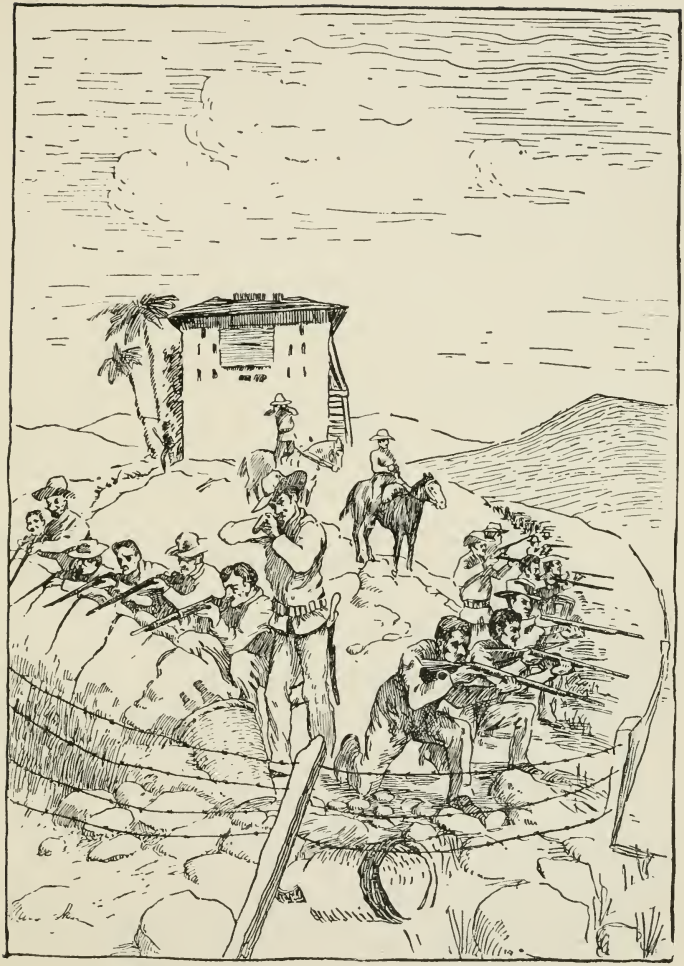
The "Volunteers" numbered about five hundred. They belonged to a regiment called the "Rough Riders," and a strange regiment it was. Most of these men were from the prairies and cattle-ranches in the West; some were "cowboys," some were Indians. The others in the regiment were young men from the East—business men, college men, sons of rich men; all were brave, hardy fellows, fond of out-door life, fond of excitement, not afraid of work. These young men had been trained for the war by a man who was now one of their officers, Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt. He had given up a high position in order to serve his country in this way. People in the United States laughed when this company of "Rough Riders" was formed, and said that the "cowboys" and Indians would not obey orders, and that the others would not stand the hardships of war. But the people in the United States did not laugh after the battle of Las Guasimas.

That June morning it was thought best to separate and march by two roads, meeting near the Spanish fort. The way of the "Rough Riders" led them up steep hills. Thick bushes grew all around, so that the men could hardly see how to go; the sun rose, and the heat was so

awful that some of the men dropped down, faint and sick. Suddenly, from among the trees and bushes came bullets, and the men began to fall, wounded and dead. The Spaniards could not be seen at all, and they were using smokeless powder that left no trace in the air. But our men heard the whizz of the bullets, and felt their sting. The "Rough Riders," as they pressed on quickly toward the fort, fired again and again into the bushes. At last they met their comrades, who had come by the other road and who had also had a hard fight, and all now toiled up the hill, firing as they went. The Spaniards had to retreat, and could now be seen by our men. The top of the hill was reached at last, the fort was taken, and the Spaniards fled toward Santiago.

This hard fight, which lasted less than two hours, is called the Battle of Las Guasimas, from the name of the poisonous kind of trees in the thicket where the "Rough Riders" were shot down.

It would require volumes to tell the bravery and heroism of the men who fought the Spaniards at Las Guasimas. Every one entered into it with enthusiasm. All stood their ground while the Spanish bullets were singing around them, and then, when they were allowed to do so, poured volley after volley into the brush in the direction from which the shots came. Colonel Wood walked along his lines as coolly as though on parade. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt led his men through the brush when the air seemed full of bullets. Captain



Last Stand of the Spaniards at Las Guasimas.

Capron, the fifth from father to son in the United States army, fell early in the fight, but before he was hit by a Spanish bullet he used his revolver whenever he saw a Spanish head.

Everybody had confidence in their officers and in themselves. If they were hit they fought on if the hurt was not mortal. If they could not stand, they propped themselves against trees, and kept on firing as the line went forward. Men fought with their arms in slings and with bandaged heads.

Captain Allyn K. Capron.

Lieutenant Thomas, of Captain Capron's troop, and who was wounded himself during that sweltering June day, tells some interesting stories of the battle. He comes of a fighting family. His father fought in the Civil War, his grandfather was killed in the Mexican War, and three ancestors fell in the war of the Revolution.

"I am sorry that I did not have a chance to see more of the fighting, but what I saw was of the warmest kind.

On the 24th of June I was with Troop L, under Captain Capron. We formed the advance guard, and went out on a narrow trail toward Siboney. On the way we met some of the men of the Twenty-second Infantry, who told us we were close to the enemy, as they had heard them at work during the night. Captain Capron, with six men, had gone on ahead of us and had come across the body of a dead Cuban. Ten or fifteen minutes later Private Isbell saw a Spaniard in the brush ahead of him and fired. This was the first shot from our troop, and the Spaniard fell dead. Isbell himself was shot seven times that day, but managed to walk back to our field hospital, which was fully four miles in the rear.

"It has been said that we were ambushed, but this is not so. Poor Captain Capron received his death wound early in the fight, and while he was lying on the ground dying, he said: 'Let me see it out; I want to see it all.' He lived an hour and fifteen minutes after the bullet struck him, and up to the moment he fell had acted fearlessly, and had exposed himself all the time to the enemy's fire.

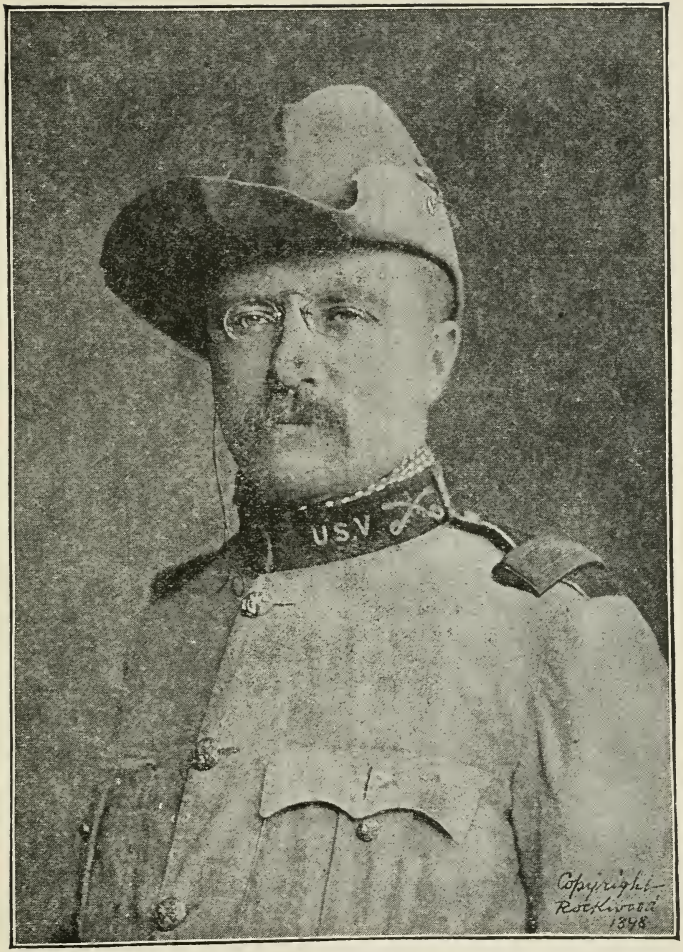
"I was then next in command of the troop, and I noticed that some of our men lay too closely together as they were deploying. I went down the line ordering them to their proper distances, and as I passed along, poor Hamilton Fish was lying, mortally wounded, a few feet from me. When he heard my voice, Fish raised himself on his elbow and said: 'I am wounded; I am

wounded.' That was the last I saw of him in life. He was very brave and was very popular among the men of the troops.

"Sergeant Joe Kline, of Troop L, was wounded early that day, and was ordered to the rear with several other wounded men. On his way to the rear, Kline discovered a Spanish sharpshooter in a tree and shot at him. The Spaniard fell dead, and Kline picked up a silver-mounted revolver, which fell from the man's clothes, as a souvenir, which he highly prizes. Several of the Spanish sharpshooters had picked up cast-off clothing of the American soldiers, and wore them while they were at their deadly work.

"Sergeant Bell, of our troop, was badly injured from an exploding shell while on the firing line. He was ordered to the rear, but quickly came back again. He was ordered away a second time, but a few minutes later he was at the front again, firing away. For a third time he was sent back, and once more he insisted on going to the front, and when the other men saw him they greeted him with rousing cheers, and he fought till the end of the day, although painfully wounded in the back.

"While lying in the hospital, I heard a young man named Hall, who belonged to the Twenty-second Infantry, tell a story which will illustrate better than anything else the accuracy of the American shooters. He and five other men had crossed a bend in a road to get some water in their canteens. As they got into the open they were



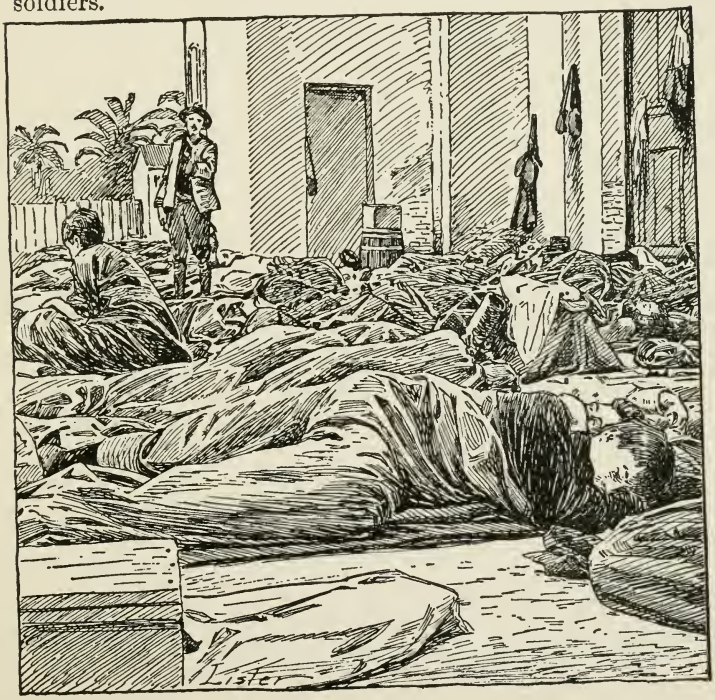
Col. Theodore Roosevelt. 119

attacked by thirty-two Spanish cavalrymen, who cut them up badly with their sabres. Hall was the only one who was not killed. He was badly trampled by the horses, and had some sabre wounds on his body. Later on, Hall was picked up by some comrades to whom he told his story. These men located the Spaniards who had done the work and opened fire on them. When they had ceased firing there were thirty live horses, two dead ones, and thirty-two dead Spaniards. This was pretty good shooting, wasn't it?"

Many heroic deeds were done in the Battle of Las Guasimas, by the "Regulars" as well as by the "Rough Riders." Suffering was bravely borne. Sixteen of our men were killed, and more than fifty wounded. Yet all our troops took heart from the victory of that day, and began to think it would be easy to go on driving the Spaniards back to Santiago, and then to take that city. But it did not prove to be easy.

There is a little railroad which runs from some mines near Santiago to the pier at Daiquiri. Before the landing was made, the Spaniards were driven from the coast by the shells of the American fleet. Before they hurried away they attempted to disable a locomotive which had steam up. They took off the connecting rods, throttle gear and other important parts of the machinery and hid them behind fences and other places where they thought they would not be found. Then they blocked the piston guides and ran off. But there were plenty of engineers

and mechanics among the American soldiers, and when they saw the condition the locomotive was in they started to search for the missing parts. Most of these were found and the machinery was cleverly patched up. Then they knocked the blocks of wood out of the slides and threw fresh coal into the firebox, and in a very short time the locomotive was pulling a train of ore cars loaded with soldiers.



CHAPTER IX.

EL CANEY AND SAN JUAN.

FOR a few days after the battle of Las Guasimas no great event took place. There was no fighting. The other troops were making their way up from the coast, but the roads were so narrow and so bad that progress was slow. The army wagons had great trouble to get on, and many supplies were left at the coast or on the boats, because there was no proper way of taking them forward. The heavy cannon were hauled a few miles from the coast and then most of them were left, though they would have been a great help to our Army, and should have been taken to the front. It was soon found that many of the doctors' supplies—the things needed in taking care of the sick and wounded—had not been taken off the ships that brought the men from Florida. It was thought by some of our men that now more effort should be made to clear roads through the woods and thick bushes, but not much was done. A great deal of fault has been found with the way things were managed at this time. It seems as if some of the officers were very much to blame. There need not have been so many men killed in the battles that followed, or so much suffering and sickness in our Army, if all our officers had

done their duty. Meanwhile, the Spaniards went on improving their forts on the hills a few miles away.

Nearly two thousand more of our soldiers landed in Cuba about this time, and more were expected soon.

But I must tell you about another Army that arrived in this part of Cuba during these days—a very small one beside General Shafter's Army, but one that did mighty work. Have you ever heard of the Red Cross Society? This is a society that nurses the sick and wounded. It has members in all parts of the world. Its chief officer is Miss Clara Barton, whose work has been so great and noble that it has made the whole world better. The badge, or flag of the Red Cross Army is a red cross on a white ground.

Miss Clara Barton.

The Red Cross Army takes no part in war except to help those who need help. It does not know the difference between friend and foe. Its work is a work of love and mercy. No soldiers with any honor would ever

fire upon a tent that has the Red Cross flag floating over it, or harm any person wearing the Red Cross badge. Yet, to the awful disgrace of the Spaniards, it is known that some of them, hidden in trees and bushes, fired upon doctors and nurses who were taking care of the wounded on the battlefields near Santiago.

This was the new Army, whose soldiers wear the sign of the Red Cross, that reached this part of Cuba now, and put up a large tent. In this tent all help that could be given was given, to Spaniards, Cubans and Americans. There were also "floating hospitals"—ships fitted up as hospitals. They proved to be great blessings to our Army and Navy.

You will remember that the Red Cross Society took great quantities of supplies to the suffering Cubans in the early part of 1898. Its work in Cuba was just well-established when hostilities broke out between the United States and Spain, and while the members who were on the ground wanted to stay and carry on the work of relief, General Blanco told them it was best for them to leave the island. They did so reluctantly, after doing all they could to insure the proper distribution of the supplies they left behind them. The result was that the food and medicines intended for the Cubans were used to sustain the Spanish army.

When the blockade of Cuban ports was instituted, the Red Cross Society was asked by the Government to take charge of the steamship State of Texas which

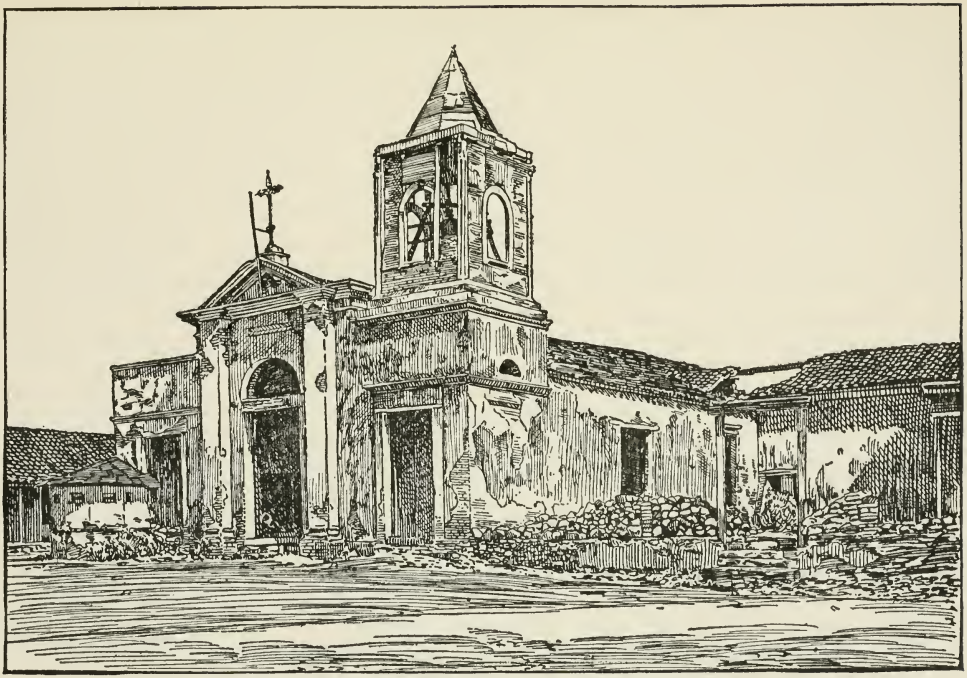
had been loaded with provisions, clothing, medical and hospital supplies by the generous people of the United States. Miss Clara Barton instantly responded, but the ship was not allowed to go to Cuba under a flag of truce, because Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson would not allow it. He said he was afraid the supplies would fall into the hands of the Spanish army. But the Red Cross Society would not give up its errand of mercy, and when the United States army invaded Cuba, the State of Texas followed the transports and so got to Cuba after all, and anchored at a little place called Siboney, where the nurses immediately began to care for the wounded on the hospital ship Solace.

There had been so much mismanagement about the landing of the troops and the supplies, that General Shafter's army was without medicines or shelter for his wounded men. When he learned that the Red Cross ship had arrived, he sent word to Miss Barton to seize any empty army wagons and send him a load of hospital supplies and medical stores. She did this, although there were no boats obtainable to convey the supplies to the shore. There were only two old scows which had been thrown away as useless, but the Red Cross men patched them up as best they could, and then loaded them with the material asked for. They worked all night, and just as the sun rose in the morning, they managed to get them to the shore. It was the hardest kind of work unloading the scows in the surf, but they did it, and

loaded some wagons with the precious supplies. Then the women nurses, who had been drenched to the skin in the surf, mounted on top of the load and started on a terrible ride over a roadless country. They reached the army, and the whole world knows the splendid work they did there. It was no fault of the surgeon-general of the United States that they were able to accomplish it, though, for he was opposed to female nurses and his action sadly hampered the work.

But now I must tell you about the next hard work that our soldiers had to do. On the last day of June, General Shafter gave orders that the whole Army was to move on toward Santiago the next day. General Shafter was sick, and stayed at headquarters in his tent, two miles away. Before Santiago could be reached, El Caney and San Juan had to be taken. So, on the first of July, early in the morning, six thousand of our troops, under brave officers, marched to attack El Caney. General Shafter thought this place could be taken in about an hour.

The town of El Caney, four miles northeast of Santiago, lies in a broad valley. Beyond it, on the Santiago side, is a high, level piece of country. The houses in the town are built of stone, and have thick walls. The town was protected by a stone fort on a hill, and also by log forts, trenches, and covered places, where the Spaniards could stay under shelter while they fired. The stone fort on the hill was first attacked by our men, and if they had had more heavy cannon the work might have been



Church at El Caney, Wrecked by American Shells.

easy. As it was, more than half the day passed, and, in spite of the hard work of our men, the fort still stood. Our men had no smokeless powder, and their firing made a big black cloud around them all the time, so that they could not see clearly. At last the stone walls of the fort began to weaken, and then our men were ordered to "storm." They ran along the valley, broke through fences of barbed wire, and went up the hill with such a rush that the Spaniards could not meet them, but fled down into the town. The other forts kept up firing for a while, but our men, now having the fort on the hill, forced the Spaniards farther and farther, and, by four o'clock, our men held the town. The whole place was strewn with dead Spaniards, and our own loss was heavy. Both sides had fought bravely, and the struggle had lasted nearly nine hours.

General Henry W. Lawton.

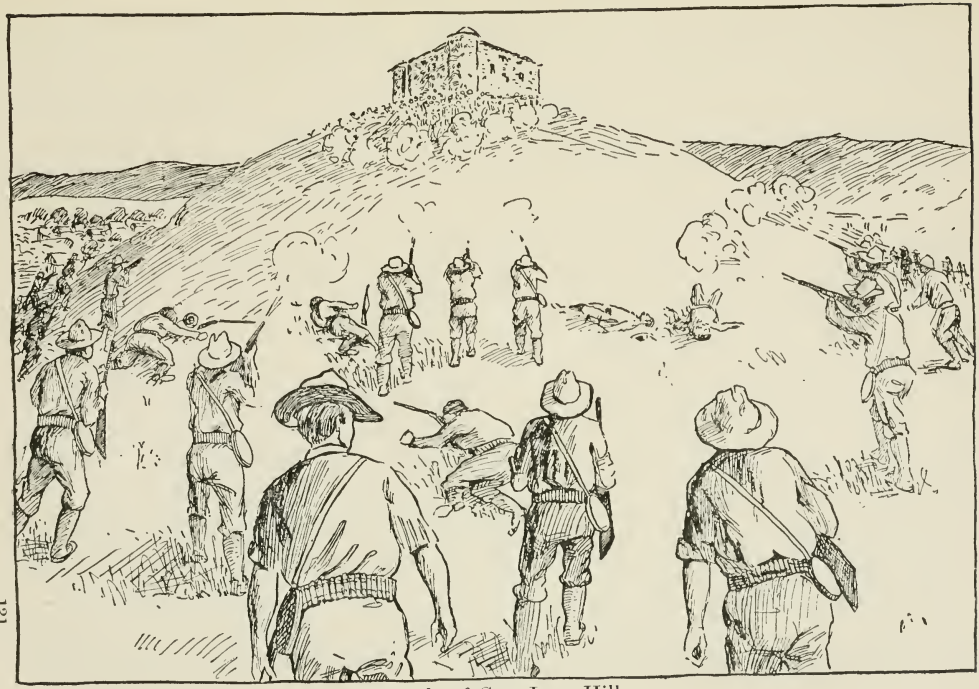
At El Caney the Spaniards made the strongest resistance that the American army met in Cuba. One of the

Battle of El Caney.

foremost figures in this battle was Brigadier-General Henry W. Lawton. I must tell you something about him. Lawton was but seventeen years old when the Civil War in this country broke out. He enlisted at once and was made a sergeant in an Indiana regiment. When his term of service expired he re-enlisted and fought gallantly throughout the remainder of the war. After the war was over Lawton enlisted in the regular army and was sent to the frontier, where he developed into one of the best Indian fighters in the army. When our country went to war with Spain, Lawton was holding an important position in the War Department at Washington. His splendid services were remembered and he was promoted to be a brigadier-general of volunteers and sent to Cuba. After the war with Spain was over, Lawton was again promoted, and in 1899 was sent to the Philippines to assist in putting down the Filipino insurrection.

Meanwhile, our other regiments had been ordered to attack San Juan, a village on steep heights, less than a mile east of Santiago. Our men went to the place by two different roads, and had to go through woods, wade through streams, and wind along narrow paths. A number of men from each regiment went before, with tools, and cut the fences of barbed wire. Fences of barbed wire had been put, like a network, all around Santiago, to keep our men away.

San Juan was protected by trenches and forts, and from these places Spanish bullets rained down upon our



Assault of San Juan Hill.

men. During the early hours of the morning there was much confusion among our troops. They were looking for further orders from headquarters, but none came. So, at last, the captains and colonels took things into their own hands and did what seemed best. Again there was need of more heavy cannon, and again our men were troubled by having powder that made a thick black smoke. Just as it was at El Caney, so it was at San Juan; not having cannon enough to destroy the forts, our men had to take the place by storm. Colonel Roosevelt led his "Rough Riders" in one of the finest charges ever made. The other troops, nearly all "Regulars," did noble work. With bullets pouring down upon them, our men made a wild rush up the heights, and the Spaniards fled. The struggle to take San Juan had lasted more than five hours, and cost many lives.

Though our men were worn and weary, they took no rest that night. They buried the dead, they repaired the forts and trenches. Our men knew that the Spaniards would try to win back the heights of San Juan, the last stronghold on the outskirts of Santiago.

At daybreak the next morning the Spaniards attacked our troops, and the fighting went on all day. A sharp attack was made in the evening, but our men still held the place. Yet they did not feel secure. The Spanish Army in Santiago was a large one, and might force our men back. Our men, though weary from marching and fighting and digging, hungry, for food was scarce,

wanted to hold the heights that had been so dearly won.

The attack upon the Spanish defenses of Santiago began early in the morning of July 1st, as I have told you, and I wish I could tell you the one hundredth part of the brave and gallant deeds that were done by our brave soldiers on that and the next day.

Battery A, of the Second United States Artillery, fired the first shot of the engagement known as the battle of El Caney. The Spaniards replied, after it had sent five shells among them. The Spanish forces were much stronger than our men thought they were, and it took General Lawton nearly all day to gain possession of El Caney. Early in the day, Lieutenant Parker's battery of four Gatling guns began to hurl bullets into the Spanish trenches, and so well did it keep up the work that it played a very important part in the battle and a great deal of the credit of the victory is due to Lieutenant Parker. Afterwards, Lieutenant Parker, in speaking of these wonderful machine guns, said:

Lieutenant John H. Parker.

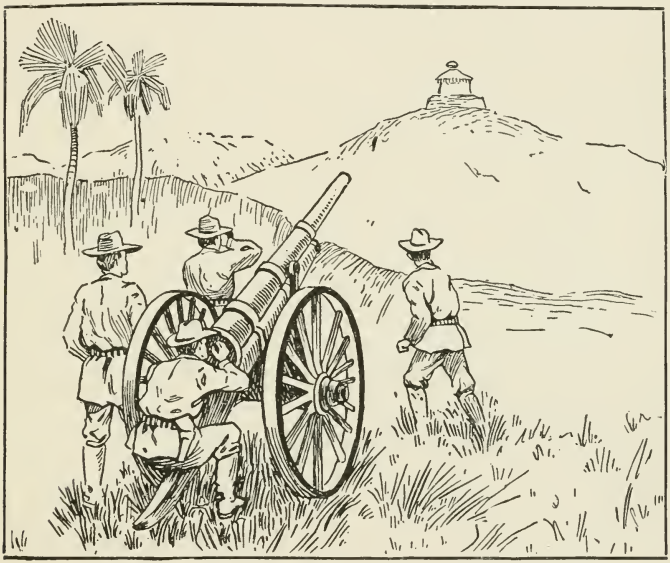
"We trained the guns on the top of the hill. They were fired above the heads of the slowly advancing line of blue which had started up the slope. I ordered the men to work the Gatlings as fast as they could. The result was astounding. With each of the four guns firing at the rate of eight hundred shots a minute, the bullets formed a canopy over the heads of the men at the foot of the hill. A Gatling gun in action is a sight to remember; so thick and fast do the bullets fly that one can actually see the stream of lead leaving the gun and, as if handling a hose, train it on any desired point.

"I remember one incident of the first day which showed how deadly was the fire of these machine guns. Away off, across the valley, we saw a clump of Spanish cavalrymen. I ordered the guns turned on them. They were so far away we had to use glasses to find them accurately, but when the little wheels began to turn, those who stood in the front line of the clump fell as grass falls before a mower, and it didn't take the rest of those Spaniards long to get behind something.

"As the day wore on, and the troops kept climbing up the hill, Colonel Roosevelt, who had been watching the work of the Gatlings, came along and placed his light battery of two Colt machine guns and one dynamite gun in my command."

You can get an idea of the deadly work of the Gatlings when I tell you that the fire of one of these guns is equal to that of one hundred and eighty riflemen, each discharging thirteen shots per minute.

The dynamite gun is the latest development in light artillery. One of them had been supplied to Roosevelt's Rough Riders, or "Teddy's Terrors," as they were often called, but none of them wanted to handle it.



Sergeant Borrowe Working the Dynamite Gun.

They were willing to face Spanish bullets, but they were afraid of the dynamite gun. They thought it was just as dangerous at one end as at the other. It is an odd looking piece of artillery, having two tubes, or barrels, one above the other. It throws a long cartridge or

shell, similar in shape, but not so large as those used on the Vesuvius, about which I have told you. One day Sergeant Borrowe volunteered to manage the gun that the rest of the men were afraid of. They let him have it, and he did splendid work with it.

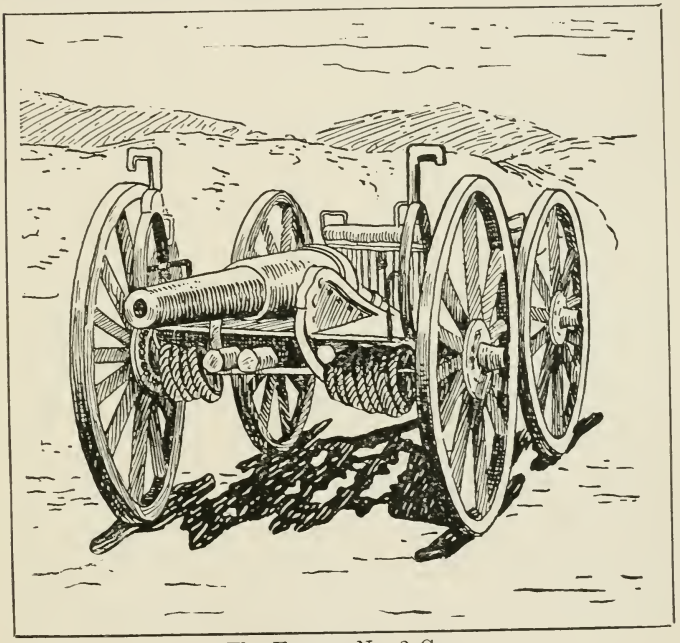
Another famous gun in the fighting before Santiago was gun No. 2, of Captain Capron's battery. Captain Capron was the father of the young man who was killed in the battle of Las Guasimas. No guns did more effective work than his, unless it was Parker's Gatlings, and one shot from this No. 2 is said to have killed sixteen Spaniards at one time. After the battery returned to the United States, Lieutenant Henly, after saying that the battery was in every battle on Cuban soil except that at Las Guasimas, continued:

"We were peculiarly fortunate in escaping the bullets. The only man killed in our battery was a horse—I suppose we can count him as a man. At El Caney, we were directed to support the infantry in an attack on several blockhouses and a stone fort. We were twenty-four hundred yards away and soon got the range. The first shot was fired by Corporal Williams. Corporal Neff fired the shot that brought down the Spanish flag. We pounded a hole in the fort and the infantry went through it."

A young soldier who was wounded at San Juan told this story:

"My company got mixed up in the charge, and I

pushed on with the Thirteenth Regulars. When we reached the top of the hill, some of us took shelter in a blockhouse and began firing from there at the oppo-



The Famous No. 2 Gun.

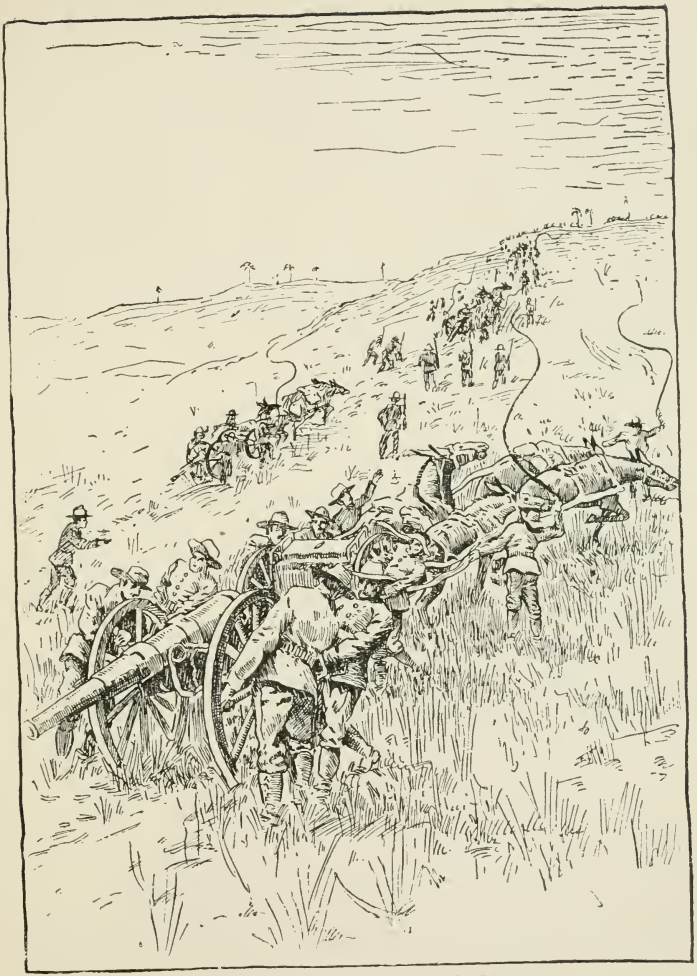
site hills. There wasn't one of the enemy in sight unless you count dead ones, so we blazed away at nothing at all, for awhile. But they had us dead in range, and it was no dream the way their bullets played around us.

"One of the bravest things I saw in the war happened right here. An officer came up—he was a major of regulars—I don't know his regiment—and he saw that we didn't know what to aim at, and were getting a little rattled. So what did he do but quickly walk out in front of the blockhouse where the bullets were coming thickest, and proceed to study the hills with his field-glass, just as unconcerned as you please. And every now and then he would call to us who were inside, 'Men, sight at eight hundred yards and sweep the grass on the ridge of the hill'; or, again: 'Men, I can see the Spaniards over there; try a thousand-yard range and see if you can't get some of them. Fire low!' I never saw such nerve as that officer had; he'd have stirred courage in everybody."

"Didn't he get hit?" he was asked.

"I'll tell you about that in a minute; but while he was out there shaking hands with death, you might say, I was witness to a little incident in the blockhouse that is worth telling about: A lot of us were in there from different regiments—some from the Thirteenth, some from the Sixteenth, and some colored boys from the Twenty-fourth. We were all blazing away through the firing-openings in the walls.

"Just beside me was a big negro, who didn't seem more than half interested in what he was doing. I saw him pull a dead Spaniard out of the door with a listless movement, and then pick up his rifle as if he thought



Bringing Up Captain Capron's Battery.

the whole thing a bore. Suddenly, a bullet came in with a zip along the underside of his gun barrel, glanced against the strap, and took the skin off the negro's knuckles as if they'd been scraped with a knife. And then you should see the change! He wasn't scared—not a bit; but he was mad enough to have charged the whole Spanish army alone. How he did talk—not loud, just quietly to himself—and how he did grab his cartridges and begin to shoot.

"Speaking of cartridges, some of the boys ran short because they had thrown away a lot in their haversacks; but I had put two beltfuls in a pair of socks and pinned them inside my shirt with safety pins, so I had plenty, and I was peppering away from behind a brick chimney, when one of the Thirteenth lads called out to me: 'Come over here, Seventy-one; I've got a fine shot for you.'

"I looked around and saw him standing by a window that was barred with iron, but had no sash to it. He was kneeling on the floor, just showing his head over the sill, and looking at the Spanish line. He was a nice looking lad, not a day over twenty-one, and his face was as smooth as a girl's. 'All right,' said I, going over to him, 'Where's your shot?'

"'There,' said he, pointing to one of the hills: 'nobody's fired at that one yet, but I'm sure the dagos are there. Set your sights at six hundred yards and we'll try it together!'

"So I fixed my sights, and we both fired out of the window with our rifles resting on the ledge. As I drew back I saw there was something queer with the boy, and noticed a splash of red on the lobe of his ear, just like a coral bead.

"'Did they wing you?' I asked. And even as I spoke, he staggered against the wall and turned round so that I saw him full in the face. There was a hole in the other side, just at the cheek bone, that I could have put my finger in. He had been shot clear through the head.

"'Poor chap,' I said, and lifted him over behind the chimney, where I had been. He didn't speak. I left him there and went to the door, thinking that I might see a Red Cross nurse somewhere about, and sure enough, there was one bending over a man stretched on the ground. It was the major who had been giving us the ranges.

"'Is he hurt bad?' I asked.

"The Red Cross man had the major's shirt open, looking at his wound. 'He's shot through the heart,' he said.

"'Can you come in here a minute, when you get through with him? There's a Thirteenth boy just been hit.'

"'Hit where?'

"'In the head.'

"'Hold him by the jowls,' he said, 'until I come.' So I held him by the jowls, and then he spoke for the first time, and what he said was this: 'Say, Seventy-one, I done my duty, didn't I?'

"I told him that he did.

"'I had my face toward 'em when they got me, didn't I?'

"'Sure, you did.'

"'Well,' he went on, quite cheerful like, 'I may get through this, and if I do, I'll have another crack at 'em. But if I don't, why I aint got no kick comin', for there'll be others to stay here with me.'

"That was the last I saw of him, for the Red Cross man came in then, and I went back to the firing. He was a game boy, though, wasn't he?"

What would have become of the wounded if the Red Cross nurses had not been on the field to help them, nobody knows, except that thousands of "mothers' boys" were saved, who in a few hours more would have been beyond mortal aid. No wonder bearded men wept like babies and blessed the angels of mercy as they passed. The boys went into the fight hungry, lay for two days in trenches, almost without food; and when they were wounded, were ordered to make their way to the rear as best they could. Men with desperate wounds had to walk or crawl perhaps a mile; perhaps five or six miles, over the wild, rough country, those who were least injured, assisting their comrades, and hundreds dying by the wayside. Had the Red Cross been allowed its way in the beginning, many of these horrors would have been avoided. The few army surgeons did all in their power, but nearly everything they needed to allay suffering was

The "Red Cross" in the Field. 143

lacking, and so insufficient was the force that many of the wounded lay for days before their turn came. Men taken from the operating table, perhaps having just had a leg or arm cut off, or with bodies torn by bullets, were laid naked on the rain-soaked ground, without shelter, and in the majority of cases without even blankets. And there they lay through two long days and nights. All honor to the Red Cross Society which finally forced its way to the spot and knew exactly what to do.

Captain "Buckey" O'Neill.

Some time after the return of the "Rough Riders" to the United States, Colonel Roosevelt told some interesting experiences:

"I recollect, as I was sitting, I gave a command to one of my orderlies, and he rose up and saluted and fell right forward across my knees dead. The man upon whom I had most to rely—I relied upon all of those gallant men, but the man upon whom I most relied, Buckey O'Neill—was standing up, walking up and down in front of his men, wanting to show them by his example that they must not get nervous, and to reassure them.

"Somebody said, 'Captain—Captain O'Neill! You will be struck by a bullet as sure as fate; lie down! lie down!' and he laughed, and said, 'Why, the Spanish bullet is not made that will kill me!' And the next minute a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out the back of his head and he was killed right there.

"Captain Jenkins crept up beside one of his sharpshooters and said to him, 'I see a Spaniard over in that tree, give me your rifle for a moment.' He fired two or three shots and then turned around and handed the rifle back to the man, and the man was dead—had been killed without making a sign or sound as he stood beside him.

"I was talking to a gallant young officer, asking him questions, and he was answering. I turned around and he had been shot through the stomach."

But General Shafter, still at headquarters some miles away, did not know how the men felt, and thought they ought to retreat to some safer point, and wait for more troops from the United States. Early the next morning —Sunday, July 3d—General Shafter sent a telegram to the War Office at Washington, saying that he thought of withdrawing his forces from the neighborhood of Santiago. An answer was sent to him, asking him to try to hold his present place, and more troops started for Cuba.

Fortunately, there were brave commanders in the American army who did not think as General Shafter did. They had been doing the fighting, while he hadn't, and they had no idea of giving up an inch of the ground

they had gained. One of the most prominent of them was General Joseph Wheeler. He had a splendid record in the Civil War, fighting on the side of the Confederacy. He was a bold and tireless fighter, and before he was thirty years old he was the commander of all the Confederate cavalry. His sabre had flashed in the thickest of many fights and he had led his splendid horsemen in many a furious charge.

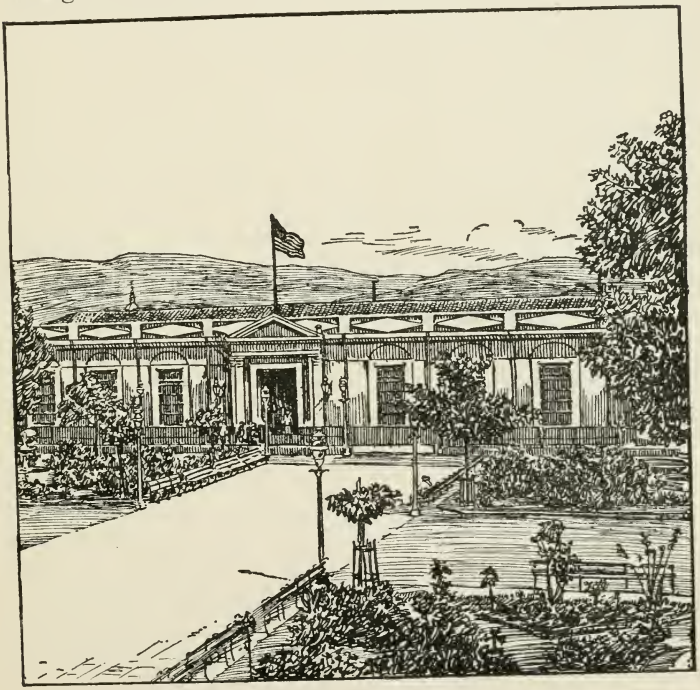
When the war with Spain broke out, General Wheeler offered his services to the Government and was sent to Cuba, and when there began to be talk of retreat after those terrible days of fighting before Santiago, the splendid old Confederate counselled holding the army where it was, and fighting the Spaniards again, if necessary. He said, "American prestige would suffer irretrievably if we gave up an inch; we must stand firm!"

General Joseph Wheeler.

The message from General Shafter flew through the United States, and caused great anxiety. It was sad to

think that our troops had drawn near the place they had been striving to reach, had had great labor, had borne much suffering, and that now, after all, they might have to retreat because there were not enough of them to finish the work—not enough to take Santiago.

But that very Sunday something took place that changed the whole color of the scene.



CHAPTER X.

THE SPANISH FLEET LEAVES THE HARBOR.

WHILE our Army had been toiling along narrow roads and through dense forests, wading the streams and storming the forts, on the way to Santiago, our Navy had been keeping up its blockade of the harbor. Perhaps I should explain to you that the Merrimac, sunk by Lieutenant Hobson, did not really close the channel, because the Merrimac had not gone down in the right spot on account of the breaking of the rudder. So our vessels still kept a close blockade.

The Spaniards now felt worried. Our Navy was at one side of Santiago, and our Army at the other. The Spaniards in the city thought our Army was larger than it was, and the word passed round that fifty thousand American soldiers were on the hills. Food was scarce in Santiago; there would soon be danger of starvation. In this state of affairs, Admiral Cervera, taking a wild chance for life and liberty, with the hope of being able afterward to help his countrymen, led his fleet out of the harbor.

Sunday morning, July 3d, was clear and beautiful. The cliffs of the harbor, and the old forts, made a fine show under the blue sky. The red and yellow flag of

Spain floated, as usual, on top of Morro Castle. Far in the distance the mountain tops showed plainly—a dark line against the sky. The sea was smooth.

Our vessels were in place near the mouth of the harbor, though a few were missing. The Massachusetts and some smaller vessels had gone to Guantanamo for coal; the flagship New York had gone eastward to a place where Admiral Sampson could go ashore, for he wished to arrange plans with General Shafter. Commodore Schley had been left in charge of the fleet, and his flagship was the Brooklyn. It was at the western end of our half-circle of ships.

On Saturday evening, the night before, some of the men on board the Iowa saw a good deal of smoke rising within the harbor, and thought the Spanish ships might be getting ready to rush out. These men spoke to their captain about the smoke, but the captain thought that the Spaniards were only fixing their fires. The smoke seemed to him no thicker than it had often been before. The men on the deck could not help thinking about the smoke, and tried to ease their minds by making ready the signal, so that it could be run up instantly if the Spanish ships started out. But the night passed away, the signal was not needed, and the men concluded that the smoke really had meant nothing. They never dreamed that the Spaniards would come out in daytime. So it seemed likely that the day would pass quietly.

As it was Sunday, not much work was going on. By

nine o'clock all the men were dressed in their white clothes, ready for the Sunday morning "inspection." Some of the officers were gloomy, for they had had news about the terrible losses in the Army during the last two days.

Suddenly, about half past nine, shouts are heard on some of the ships, and the signal flies up on the Iowa: "Enemy's ships are coming out," and a gun is fired from the Iowa, to attract the notice of all the fleet. Our ships, so still a moment before, are now full of life. Every man shouts to his neighbor, "They're coming out! they're coming out!" Men run in all directions to get to their posts; officers buckle on their swords; orders are quickly given. "Sound the general alarm!" "Clear ship for action!" "Bugles call to general quarters!" "Steam and pressure on the turrets!" "Hoist the battle-flags!" "Close the hatches!" "Full steam ahead!" "Turn on the current of the electric hoists!" "Get to your guns, lads!"

Our men are hurrahing and yelling with glad excitement. They throw off their white clothes, and tumble down the ladders, and throw themselves through the hatchways in their haste to obey orders. In less than three minutes every vessel is speeding along, and has obeyed the signal: "Open fire!"

There are the beautiful Spanish ships running at full speed, in a line, one behind the other, all their flags flying as if on a holiday parade. They are coming out of

the channel and turning westward, firing fiercely on the Brooklyn, the nearest of our ships, while the forts on the cliffs fire on the rest of our fleet. First of the Spanish ships comes the Maria Teresa, carrying the flag of Admiral Cervera. The last two in the line are the torpedo-boat destroyers.

Our ships send forth a storm of fire; every instant the roar of our guns is heard, and the air is so filled with smoke that our men can hardly see their enemy.

Indeed, it is a wonder that our ships, all rushing toward the Spanish ships, do not crash into one another. And how can they help injuring one another with their guns? Ah, there is good management! Not one of the captains loses his wits—not one of the gunners mistakes a friend for a foe.

Now the Maria Teresa is on fire in different places, and turns in toward the shore. Great columns of flame shoot up as the big ship runs upon the beach and hauls down her flag as a sign of surrender. Now another Spanish ship is on fire from our guns, and runs ashore, hauling down her flag. She is as helpless as the Teresa. Not half an hour has passed since those two ships came out of the harbor, yet now, after running six or seven miles, they are ashore and in flames; most of their men are killed or wounded, the others are clinging to parts of the ships or jumping into the sea, though sharks are plainly seen in the water.

Meanwhile, the Gloucester, one of our smallest vessels,

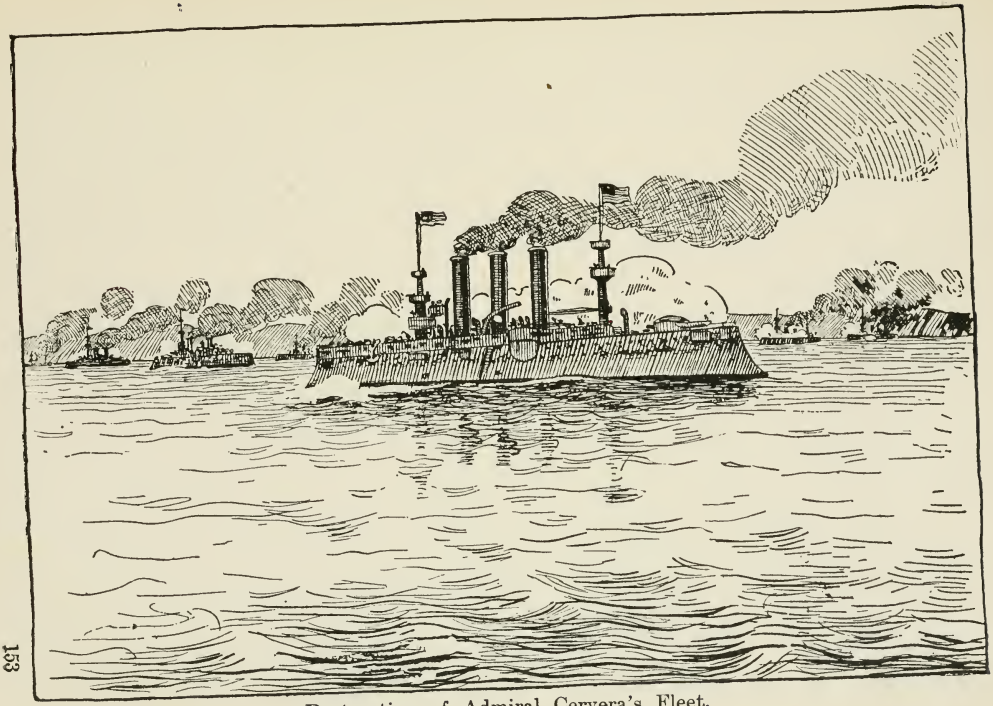
is attacking the two torpedo-boat destroyers, and, with a little help from some of our battleships, soon puts an end to the two little Spanish boats. One of them sinks, the other is compelled to run ashore; both ruined in less than eight minutes after the Gloucester fired the first shot at them.

The chase goes on, the guns keep up their deadly fire. Now another Spanish ship, the Vizcaya, turns to the shore, flames shooting from her decks. As she touches the beach, two loud explosions shake her from end to end. She has held her course for an hour and twenty minutes, but now she is burning on the shore.

Only one Spanish ship is left, the Cristóbol Colón, flying at full speed, six miles ahead of our first ship, the Brooklyn. The Oregon and the Texas follow the Brooklyn, and the New York is only a short distance behind. For, of course, the New York, though several miles away when the race began, heard the signal gun, and turned, and flew back to Santiago on the wings of the wind. Faster and faster flies the New York, gaining rapidly in the race.

Surely, it is an exciting race, for the Colón is flying for life. Commodore Schley takes the Brooklyn farther out to sea, to head off the Colón, when she turns her course; but our other ships follow the Spaniard. There is little firing now from either side—the ships are racing.

Two hours pass in this way, and now the Brooklyn and the Oregon fire heavily at the Cristóbal Colón,



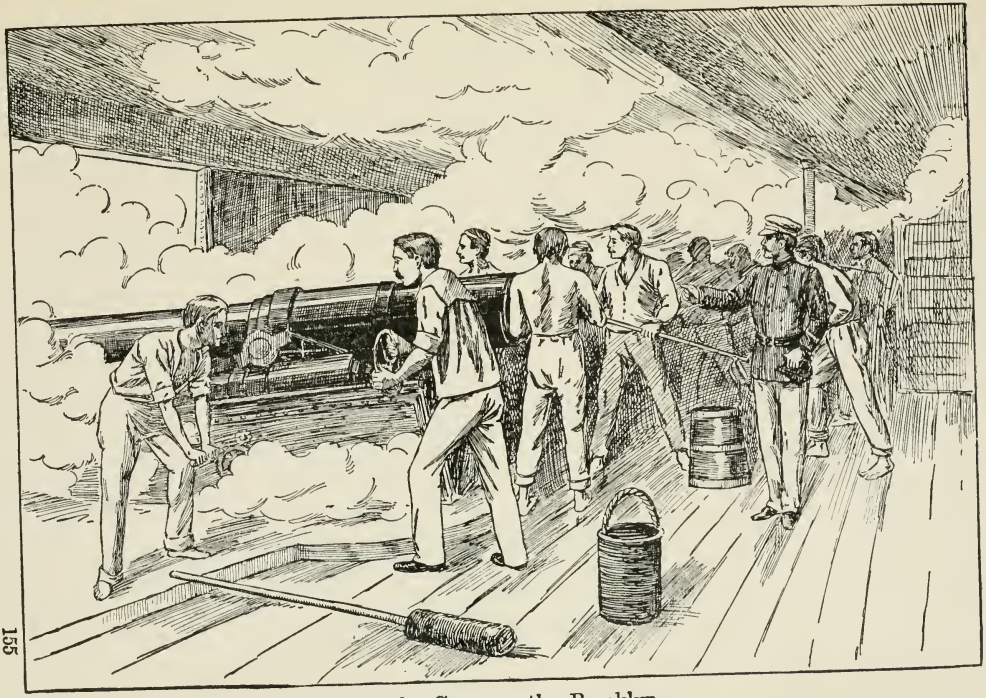
Destruction of Admiral Cervera's Fleet.

again and again. The helpless Colón hauls down her flag, and turns toward the shore. The last Spanish ship gives up the struggle at fifteen minutes after one o'clock, fifty miles west of Santiago.

While Commodore Schley is sending Captain Cook in a small boat to receive the surrender of the Colón, the crews of the Brooklyn and Oregon crowd upon the decks and turrets to cheer each other and shout for joy. Some of the men of the Oregon rush at once for their drums and bugles, and the notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" rise in place of the roar of the guns. The New York and the Texas arrive, and the four ships rest in triumph.

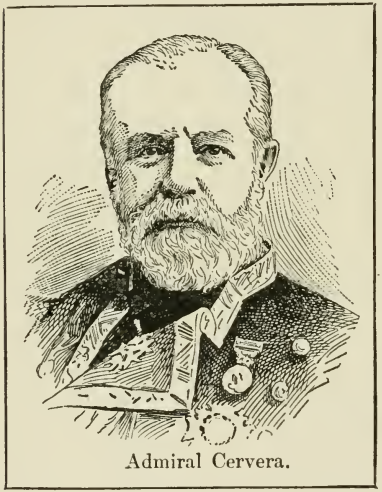
While waiting and resting, a scene took place on the Texas that will long be remembered. The captain suddenly ordered, "All hands aft!" The crew of five hundred men went to the deck to hear their captain's message. The captain, in a few simple words, spoke to the men of his faith in the Father Almighty, and then said: "I want all of you, officers and crew, to lift your hats, and in your hearts to offer silent thanks to God." The men were silent a few minutes, and then left the deck, giving, as they went, "Three cheers for our captain."

While the Brooklyn, Oregon, Texas, and New York were following the Cristóbal Colón, our other vessels were busy saving the lives of Spaniards on board the sinking and burning ships. One small boat after another was lowered from our vessels, and the crews went to the



Working the Guns on the Brooklyn.

burning vessels, where stores of powder were exploding every moment, took off the wounded Spaniards, and saved the men who had jumped into the sea and were trying to swim ashore. The work of rescue lasted till eight o'clock that night. A thousand Spaniards, among them Admiral Cervera and his son, were brought to our ships, and were well tended. Most of the Spaniards needed clothes, having thrown aside their garments when jumping into the sea; all needed food; a large number, being wounded, needed the care of our doctors. What the captain of the Iowa said of his men may be said of the crews of all our other vessels: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women."



Admiral Cervera.

Admiral Cervera was picked up by the Gloucester, but afterwards was taken to the Iowa, where he was received

with due honors. The bugles were sounded as he came over the side of the ship, the officers saluted him as Admiral, the crew cheered him to show their admiration for his courage. The Admiral's kindness to Lieutenant Hobson was remembered by our men, and they showed that they were grateful. Afterward, the Admiral was asked why the Spanish ships had not left the harbor during the hours of night, and he answered: "The searchlights of your ships were too blinding."

What a change had taken place in less than four hours on that Sunday! The Spanish fleet had been destroyed, six hundred Spaniards had lost their lives, many were wounded, a thousand were in the hands of the Americans. Our men had won a great victory, had not lost a ship, and had only one man killed and one wounded.

The story of the Gloucester's fight with the "destroyers" has been graphically told by one who was on board her during that exciting time.

"The Spaniards were beginning to get the range with their deadly automatic one-pounders. One shot in the right place would sink us. There was a line of splashes in the water, like that made by jumping fish, tracing accurately the length of our vessel, and gradually coming nearer and nearer.

"Crash! crash! went our guns, and suddenly, when within ten yards of the ship, the splashes ceased. The man at the gun had been killed. We were saved tem-

porarily, but still the enemy was fighting for dear life. Both destroyers were trying their best to sink us; we refused to go down. Suddenly the pin of number four gun dropped out and it was necessary to remove the breach block and find the pin. It was all done quietly, quickly, but the nervous strain was awful. We were now within five hundred yards of the Furor, firing sometimes at her and sometimes at the Pluton. At this point the New York went speeding by and cheered us as she passed. Gradually the Pluton's guns became silent, and it was evident that she was in distress. She was making for the shore.

"Suddenly there was a great flash aboard her, a mass of steam rose into the air, and she had exploded, probably in the engine room. Later we learned that a shot had passed clear through her boilers. A great cheer went up from the Gloucester's crew. But what was the Furor doing? Coming toward us? It was the last act of desperation. Again the starboard battery had come into use. There was no time to be lost; either we must sink the Furor or she would sink us.

"Our fire was redoubled. It was too fierce; no vessel could stand it. Still continuing on the circle, with a starboard helm, the Furor turned away from us toward Morro. But we kept up our heart-breaking fire. Like a stag, the boat turned again and made for her companion, which was now lying on her side amid the breakers, endeavoring to escape us, but in vain; and, still

turning, she made weakly toward us again. Then the truth dawned upon us; she was unmanageable, and was simply moving in a circle, with a jammed helm. The battle was at an end.

"But our work was by no means over. We had spent two hours in slaughtering our friends who had crossed the sea to meet us, and we now spent twelve hours in rescuing the survivors."

Lieut.-Commander Wainwright.

The Gloucester was commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, a most gallant and plucky officer. He was the executive officer of the battleship Maine when she was blown up in Havana harbor shortly before the war began. His fight with the "destroyers" was one of the bravest deeds ever recorded in naval history. After rescuing Admiral Cervera from the water, he placed his cabin at his disposal, did everything to make him comfortable, and treated him with the deference due his rank.

A midshipman on the Almirante Oquendo, who man-

aged to get ashore after his ship was beached, told this story:

"The flagship opened fire while we, being the last, were still some way from the harbor mouth, yet before we cleared the entrance we got struck by a few shells. I was in the forward central torpedo room, and as, according to orders, the port holes were shut, I could see but little of what was taking place outside. We did not at once use our torpedoes, for shortly after the action began, a heavy projectile crashed through the upper deck and destroyed the shield near which I was standing. I was knocked down by the force of the explosion, receiving a slight leg wound from a fragment of the shell, while a splinter of the starboard gangway was driven into my chest near the heart. On recovering my feet, I found that the starboard torpedo tube was smashed and that the deck was strewn with dead and wounded, a few of whom were seeking to go up the gangway, which was also destroyed. Very shortly we all had to clear out of the room, as it became impossible to breathe there, owing to a lot of material taking fire. I sank, half choked, on the upper deck, but was revived by someone turning a hose on my head.

"On rising again, I found myself close to the second commander, Don Victor Sola, who was encouraging the crew, and Senor Nunoz, who put his arm around me, exclaiming, 'They are making a man of you to-day.' At that moment a heavy shell burst behind me, small par-

ticles lodging in my neck. This shell killed Don Victor Sola, whom I saw fall on his face without uttering a word. Right across his body fell that of the first gunner. When Captain Lazaga heard that the forward magazines were ablaze he followed the lead of the Teresa, heading for land and running the vessel ashore. I went back to the torpedo room and stripped. When I got back on deck, my companions were gone, so I got through the port cannon embrasure and slipped down a chain into the water."

The destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago was as complete as the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila. Commodore Schley was the senior officer in command, and it was fitting that the man who "bottled-up" Cervera's fleet should be the one to destroy it. After peace was declared, he was promoted to be a rear-admiral, and the people of the United States presented him with the costliest sword ever given a military or naval officer. It was a direct gift from the people to the man, and showed the estimation in which they held him.

In the running fight at Santiago, as at the battle of Manila, every officer and man did his duty. The Spanish vessels were out-sailed and out-fought. The American vessels were not injured and the Spanish were crushed. The American gunnery was effective at close range and long; the Spanish gunnery was not good at any range. The American shells told wherever they struck and the American vessels were maneuvered with

the greater skill. Under the stress of the greatest excitement, the Americans showed the effect of their splendid drill and discipline.

Admiral Cervera and the principal Spanish officers were taken to Annapolis and installed in comfortable quarters. One of them said: "You ought to be proud of your country, because you have such good people." Another remarked, "I do not know that I am a prisoner except that I cannot go home." Eventually they were all sent back to Spain.

It has been truly said that laughter and tears lie very close together. It is equally true that in the midst of solemn and terrible events some amusing things happen, even though they may not seem funny at the time. And so, in connection with the exciting events of July 3d, 1898, some laughable stories are told.

When the Spanish fleet came out of the harbor with all their colors flying, a lieutenant on the Texas looked up and saw that his ship was displaying nothing but the Stars and Stripes. "Where are our battle-flags?" said he. Just then the Texas sent a shell against the Maria Teresa. "I guess they won't have any doubt about our being in battle," said Captain Philip. But the lieutenant thought that a battle was nothing without battle-flags, and sent a messenger after them. But the flags were locked up, and the man who had the key was busy in another part of the ship. "Then smash the locker," said the lieutenant, when informed of this fact. The locker

was smashed, and soon the Texas was fighting under her battle-flags.

In the thickest of the fight a young lad on the Texas was heard to say: "Fourth of July celebration, eh? A little early, but a good one!"

During the chase after the Colón, the men of the Oregon went in turn to dinner, Captain Clark having called to them: "Now, children, go and get something to eat, if it is only a little bread and butter." The men satisfied themselves with a few bites, and then hurried back to the deck to watch the exciting race. The Oregon and the Brooklyn were gaining steadily on the Colón. Suddenly the Brooklyn signaled to the Oregon: "She seems built in Italy." And the Oregon signaled back: "She may have been built in Italy, but she will end on the coast of Cuba."

While some of the ships were chasing the Colón, and others were rescuing the wounded and drowning Spaniards, the Indiana, according to orders, returned to watch the harbor entrance. Suddenly an excitement was caused on the Indiana by news that a large Spanish battleship was coming from the eastward. Captain Taylor at once made ready for another fight, and sent his men to their guns. The officers on the bridge looked through their field-glasses at the strange ship, three miles away. "Yes, it is a Spanish ship." "Yes, she has Spanish colors." The stranger drew near, the guns of the Indiana were just about to open fire, but the foreign ship signaled her

name and country—"Kaiserin Maria Theresa, Austria"—in time to save both parties from further trouble.

That Sunday morning the chaplain of the New York was preparing to hold service when the sound of a gun caused the ship to turn in her course and speed back to Santiago. The ship was cleared for action, and the pulpit was hastily thrown aside. As the ship sped along, some of her men saw a Spanish sailor struggling in the water. One of the men quickly picked up the pulpit—a clumsy, awkward affair, with a gilt cross on the side of it—and heaved it overboard, at the same time yelling to the poor Spaniard: "Cling to the cross, my lad, cling to the cross and you'll be saved." The struggling sailor clung to the cross and was afterward picked up by one of the small boats.

This story is told of two gunners on the Oregon. One was an old fellow whose name has been on the navy list for thirty years, the other was a young seaman gunner:

When Admiral Cervera led his ships out of the harbor of Santiago, in that brave dash for the freedom of the open sea, the veteran was engaged in his usual occupation of polishing the sleek coat of one of the big thirteen-inch guns. When the cry went up that the enemy was escaping, he gave a finishing touch to the muzzle and quickly took his station in the turret. Presently he turned to a young gunner near him and said: "Charley, I bet you a month's pay that I make a better shot at the dago beggars than you. What d'you say?"

"'Done,' was the prompt reply.

"Ten minutes later, the old gunner squinted his eye along the sight, signalled the man at the training lever to ease off a little, took the range from the officer in charge of the division, then gave the firing lanyard a quick jerk. When the smoke lifted, the eager watchers saw a great yawning hole in the port bow of the Almirante Oquendo. A cheer came from the men in the turret, and the veteran glanced triumphantly toward the younger gunner.

"The latter's turn soon came. The Oquendo, battered and helpless, drifted ashore in flames. The Oregon accompanied by the Brooklyn, sped on after the fleet-footed Colón. The rapid-fire batteries of both American ships rattled and shrieked after the fugitive. The eight-inch guns of the Brooklyn rumbled an unceasing chorus as they belched forth their shells, and occasionally a deeper roar from the thirteen-inch monsters of the Oregon would give a mightier volume to the din.

"It was after one of the latter shots that the forward turret of the Oregon echoed with a rousing cheer. Charley, the young gunner, had just dropped the firing lanyard from his hand and it was seen the Colón's conning tower was hit. 'He told me before he pulled the lanyard that he would fetch it,' exclaimed one of the gun's crew, admiringly, 'and he did.'

A proud father, whose son was on one of the battleships during the destruction of Cervera's ships, said:

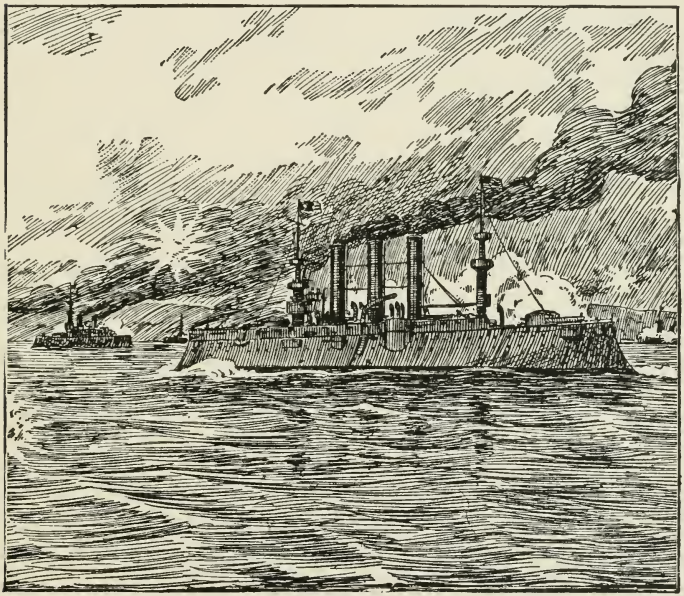
"Among the four letters I have received from my son is one which contains an amusing story of one of the officers of the Indiana. The officer in question is well known throughout the navy for his fastidiousness regarding apparel, and even on board his ship, is always the best-dressed man. He considers it his imperative duty to appear 'just so,' on every occasion.

"My son writes that when the fight began, everybody had on most of his clothes, the officers generally being in proper uniform. My boy started in with a full accompaniment of cap, shirt, coat, pants and shoes, but says that before the hour and a half was over he had shed everything except his trousers. The heat was, of course, intense and the main cause of the boy's throwing off all unnecessary garments. It has been his duty to carry messages several times from the commanding officer on the bridge to the rear of the vessel, where our dandy officer was stationed, and when the fight began he was fully uniformed. On the second trip back the officer was seen to be the only person in sight with a coat on his back, but the perspiration was rolling down his cheeks and dropping off in black beads and his face was besmeared and almost unrecognizable.

"Just before the last shot was fired, my son was sent to find the executive officer to deliver him a message from the bridge. He hurried to the deck, and, in clouds of black smoke endeavored to locate the lieutenant. He looked in vain, however, and finally stepped up to a man

who at first appeared to be clothed in pajamas, and my son was just going to inquire for the first officer, when the smoke cleared away a little revealing our fastidious but brave officer dressed in his nightgown, with his sword strapped around his waist, and a pistol stuck in his belt."

Doubtless many more anecdotes could be told in connection with that day's history.



CHAPTER XI.

CLOSING EVENTS.

THAT Sunday morning, after General Shafter received the telegram from the War Office, he took a step which in the end proved very successful. He sent men to Santiago bearing a flag of truce and a message to the Spanish general. When a flag of truce is sent to an enemy all fighting stops for a number of days or hours, according to the time fixed for the truce, or quiet, and plans are then made. This message told the Spanish general that if he did not surrender within a certain time the American Army would attack the city. The Spanish general sent word back that he would not surrender, but that he would give notice to the people in Santiago that they might leave the city before the attack. Of course, before that day was over, our Army heard of the great victory of our Navy, and felt more hopeful.

During the week that followed that important Sunday, crowds of women, children, and old men; Spaniards, Cubans, and people of other nations, went out of Santiago. They hardly knew where to go. Men who saw that sight said it was pitiful. All the roads leading from Santiago were filled with people and wag-

ons, toiling on to some place of safety. Most of these people had very little food, except the fruit then ripe on the mango-trees, and so had to be fed by our Army and by the Red Cross Society. Ever since General Shafter's army had landed, it had been feeding the hungry Cubans in the country around Santiago—people who were nearly starved on account of their long war with Spain. Food was scarce in our Army, because there was trouble in landing the supplies sent by the United States, and more trouble in sending the supplies forward to the soldiers. Still, the hungry people from Santiago could not be neglected, and they were given a share of food daily.

And with all those crowds upon the narrow roads from Santiago were many of our wounded soldiers, trying to make their way back to the Red Cross tent at Siboney. There were not enough army wagons to take the wounded from Las Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan, and they could not all be treated in the field tents. So the men limped and hobbled along as best they could—wounded, sick, feverish—to Siboney, eight miles away. To add to the suffering, this was the wet season in Cuba, and rain fell for hours every day.

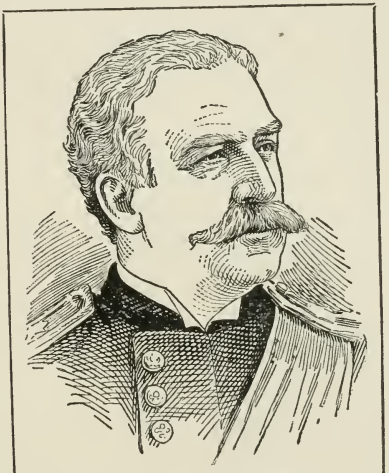
During that week of truce, General Shafter arranged with the Spanish general in Santiago for the exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and his crew. Half way between the American camp and the city there was a beautiful ceiba-tree, or silk-cotton tree, so called from the large seed-pods, full of soft, cotton-like stuff. Under this tall,

shady tree many important councils were held between the Spanish and American officers. And under this tree, one morning, our officers gave up eight Spanish prisoners in return for Lieutenant Hobson and his men. Our soldiers welcomed these brave fellows with shouts of praise and joy.

On July 10th, the truce being ended, our Army and our Navy fired upon Santiago, and kept up the fire on the morning of the next day. Then a new truce was made, for the Spaniards wanted time to consult their Government. General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief of the whole United States Army, arrived and held councils with the Spanish officers. At last the Spaniards agreed to surrender the eastern part of Cuba, and at noon, on July 17th, our flag was hoisted on the governor's palace in Santiago. Our soldiers took possession of the city, and the citizens, who had gone away in such sorrow, now returned in joy because the United States had taken charge.

The Treaty Tree.

When General Miles arrived in Cuba with reinforcements, he at once took charge of the negotiations between General Shafter and the Spanish General Toral. General Shafter had made such a mess of the whole campaign that he was inclined to make trouble, thinking he was to be superseded; but General Miles told him that he had instructions to settle all matters according to his own discretion. After he had completed the negotiations with General Toral, General Miles generously left the honor of receiving the surrender of the Spanish forces to General Shafter. From the moment of his arrival on the island, General Miles had control of all military affairs. No greater discretion was ever given to an officer, but he used it wisely, and then allowed the honors to pass to another.



General Nelson A. Miles.

Some of our naval officers went into the harbor and exploded all the "mines," and the harbor was once more safe and open to all vessels. The war was not really at

an end, but it was known that Spain could not hold out much longer.

One of the devoted Red Cross workers tells this story:

"One of the most dramatic incidents of the war was the entrance of the Red Cross into Santiago, a few days later. Recognizing the great services rendered, the army officers experienced almost a change of heart, and the relief ship State of Texas was put ahead of anything, even Shafter, Sampson and Schley following respectfully in the rear. There were the two armies, the conquerors and the conquered, the wrecked ships of Spain, the starving Cubans, the silence of the grave hung over all; the memory of horrors gone before—of battle, murder and tragedy; and now was coming the first gleaming hope to a perishing people. Said Miss Barton:

General José Toral.

"'Can somebody sing the Doxology?'

"'Praise God from whom all blessings flow' rang out in quavering chorus from the dozen men and women

on the deck of the State of Texas, taken up and repeated here and there on battleships and shore, till the green hills that mirror Santiago re-echoed the song of thanksgiving, while gallant soldiers were not ashamed of tears, and the dying waved their feeble hands."

One of the problems of the war was how to dispose of the Spanish prisoners. It would cost a big sum to feed them and to guard them, and so it was decided to send them back to Spain. Ships were provided and this was done. The Spaniards who were sick and wounded received the same care and consideration that was given to the Americans who were in the same conditions. The humorous side of the affair was that, the contract to convey the troops to Spain was given to a Spanish Steamship Company.

I have spoken before of the other large island belonging to Spain—the island of Porto Rico. Late in July General Miles took a large body of troops there to take possession. These troops had much better supplies than the troops in Cuba, and they had not such hard work. The people in Porto Rico welcomed our soldiers. The Spanish soldiers made a few efforts to fight, but one place after another was taken by our troops, without any great trouble.

Ponce, near the southern coast of Porto Rico, is a city of importance, as I have told you. It was named for Ponce de Leon, the famous voyager of the sixteenth century, who wandered around in search of a fountain of

youth. When our troops approached Ponce, the city and the port were given up to them gladly, as the Spanish soldiers had gone away.

Our troops now began moving on by different roads to San Juan, on the northern coast, the capital and chief city. It was known that the Spaniards were making great preparations to defend this city. As our Army pushed on, from day to day, there were some skirmishes with the enemy. On August 12th there seemed likely to be very serious fighting at different places near San Juan, but messengers arrived suddenly, saying: "The War is ended; Spain and the United States are arranging terms of Peace." Spain had lost Cuba and Porto Rico forever.

That afternoon, at four o'clock, the first paper of the Peace was signed at the White House, in Washington, though the full Treaty was not made until four months later. Spain agreed to give Porto Rico to the United States, Cuba to be independent, but our country to govern the island until the Cubans were able to manage their own affairs. The officers and soldiers chosen by the United States to stay in Cuba and Porto Rico to restore order and help the islands to recover from the effects of war, soon made many improvements.

As the navy began the war with Spain, it was proper that the navy should finish it. The greater events at Santiago obscured the last naval battle of the war, but it was a grand triumph for the navy. You will remem-

ber that the Wilmington was in the fight at Cardenas where brave Ensign Bagley was killed. After the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet, Commander Todd, of the Wilmington, was in command of a little fleet and at Manzanillo, off to the westward of Santiago, he destroyed nine Spanish vessels. This engagement gave him the title of "the Dewey of Manzanillo," and his report of that spirited affair was as modest as that of his namesake.

Commander Chapman Todd.

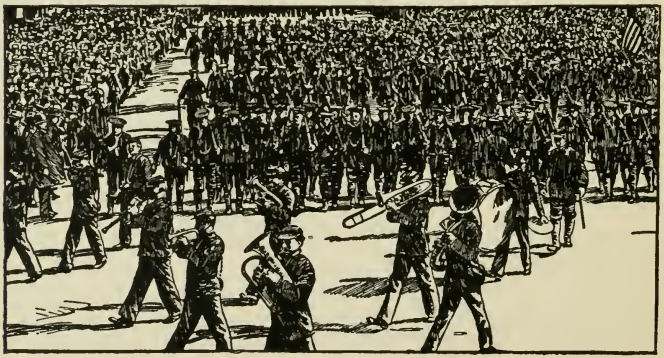
As our troops came back to the United States, from time to time, they were received with great joy. But many of our men were very ill after the war, and had to stay a long time in a sick-camp on Long Island.

On the twentieth of August there was a great naval parade in the harbor of New York, and the leading vessels from the war made a fine display.

Later, there were Peace Jubilees held in a number of cities of the United States. The one in Philadelphia was a splendid affair. There were receptions and illu-

minations, but what pleased the spectators most was the great parade. A great many of the military and naval commanders of the men who won the splendid victories over the Spanish were present, and thousands of the men themselves marched past the miles of spectators who lined the sidewalks, as they passed along the streets.

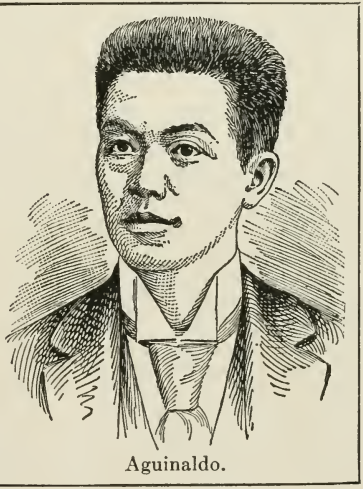
It was an inspiring spectacle. General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, rode at the head of the monster procession. Cheer after cheer arose from the enthusiastic crowds as the men who fought with Dewey swung past with rifles at "right shoulder." They shouted themselves hoarse when a squad of "Rough Riders" trotted by; Hobson and his men received an ovation; Colonel Huntington marched at the head of the brave marines who made the bold stand at Guantanamo. It was a day of heroes, and all were welcomed and cheered royally.



CHAPTER XII.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BUT in spite of Peace Jubilees and fine parades of returning troops, our country was still at war. But this war was with the natives of the Philippine Islands. To explain this trouble, I must go back in my story.



Aguinaldo.

In another chapter I told you of the rebellion of the Filipinos against Spain. One of the leaders in the rebellion was a young man named Aguinaldo. The name means a "Christmas box." Aguinaldo has been a good box for some people, a troublesome box for others. Well, to quiet that rebellion, Spain made many promises, and Aguinaldo and other leaders went to stay in China. Spain did

not keep her promises, and the rebels took up arms again. Before Spain could quiet this trouble, Commodore Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, and the Spanish soldiers fled to the city of Manila. Commodore Dewey had not forces enough to attack the city then, so he waited for more troops. But while he waited he blockaded the harbor. In June, General Merritt sailed from the United States with troops for Manila, and others were sent afterward.

On the way across the Pacific Ocean, at Guam, one of the Ladrone Islands, a ludicrous incident occurred. The Charleston steamed into the harbor, firing a few shots at the fort at its entrance. Several Spanish officers came out to the warship in a boat to apologize for not returning the salute, saying they had no powder. What was their astonishment upon being told they were prisoners, not even having heard that war had been declared.

The United States flag was raised over the island, and it is now held as a place to store large quantities of coal for the use of our war vessels.

Meanwhile, the Filipinos, and some of the savage tribes, had risen in great numbers against the Spaniards, and Aguinaldo returned and took command of his troops once more. Commodore Dewey, or Admiral Dewey, as he must now be called, having been promoted after his victory, tried to keep the natives in check; he did not think it right to let lawless people take the city of Manila.

The Spaniards made efforts to drive the Americans away from Manila, as well as to control the rebels, and sometimes matters seemed very serious for our men. On the 7th of August Admiral Dewey and General Merritt sent a notice to the Spanish General that, if he did not surrender by a certain day, they would attack Manila. They thought they could easily come to terms with the Filipinos, after settling the Spaniards.

On August 13th our ships in the harbor and our troops on the shore began the attack upon Manila. About noon the Spaniards had to surrender. Later in the day a cable message was received from the United States, saying that the war with Spain was ended.

Afterward, when the full Treaty of Peace was signed, the United States agreed to give Spain twenty million dollars for the Philippine Islands.

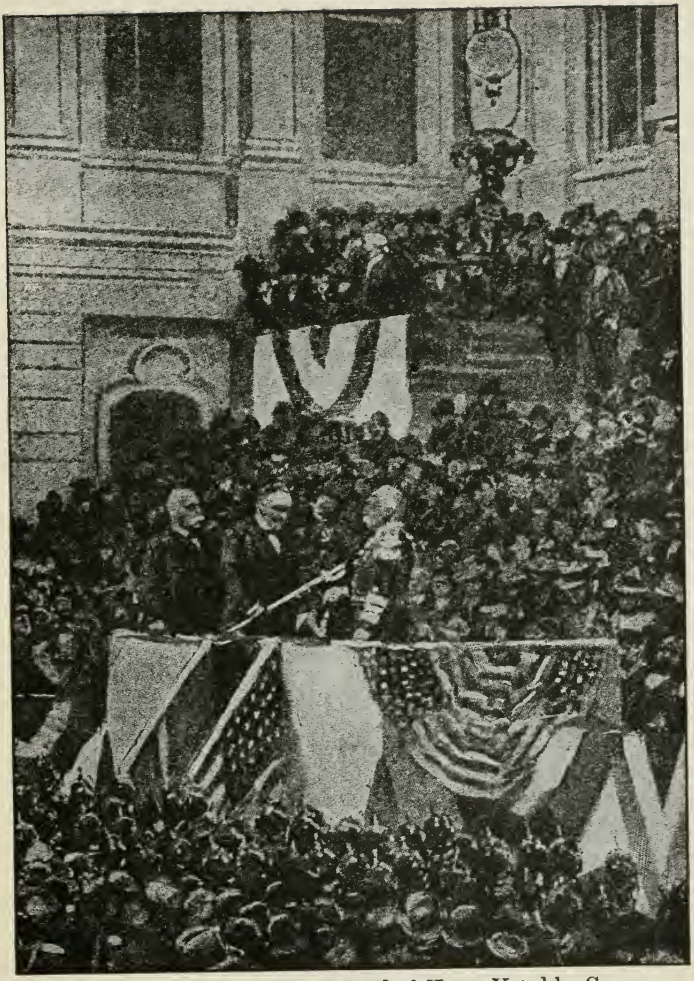
Manila had been captured once before from the Spanish. In what is known in this country as the "French and Indian War," Spain took sides with France, and England sent an expedition against Manila in 1762. After a siege of about two weeks' duration, the city was carried by storm and given over to pillage. Afterwards, terms of capitulation were agreed upon, and the English withdrew.

In the summer of 1899, Admiral Dewey sailed from Manila in his flagship, the Olympia. He made a leisurely voyage through the Suez Canal, stopped at various Mediterranean ports, and finally reached New York

on September 26th. Preparations on a gigantic scale had been made to welcome him, and distinguished men and deputations from every state in the Union were on hand to greet him. Splendid receptions and parades followed; costly presents were showered upon him. The culmination of this spontaneous greeting of the American people was reached when, in the city of Washington, President McKinley presented him with a magnificent sword—the one that had been voted to him by Congress for his splendid services at Manila.

Through it all Admiral Dewey was as modest as a man could be; he said that the captains of his ships and the crews of their vessels were the men that won "all these indescribable honors" for him.

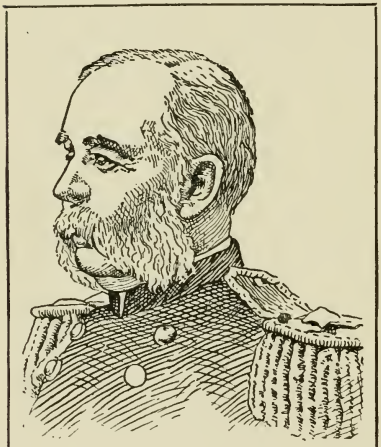
After the surrender of Manila to General Merritt and Admiral Dewey, Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipinos, began to make trouble for the Americans. He proclaimed a new form of government for the islands, with himself as dictator. He entirely ignored the efforts of the United States to give his people a good government, and because they did not agree to his schemes, he began to fight our soldiers. He succeeded in raising a formidable insurrection, and we had to send more soldiers to the islands. General Otis was sent there with reinforcements, and later, a number of the generals who had fought at Santiago were sent to help him put down the rebellion against the authority of the United States, who owned the islands by right of conquest and purchase.



Admiral Dewey Receiving the Sword of Honor Voted by Congress.

Many men were killed on both sides, and among them were Major John A. Logan, Jr., and Major-General Henry W. Lawton.

Major Logan was the son of Hon. John A. Logan, formerly a Senator and at one time Vice-President of the United States.



General E. S. Otis.

General Lawton, you will remember, was the famous officer who fought so gallantly in Cuba, particularly at the battle of El Caney, and was afterwards sent to the Philippines. Upon his arrival in the islands he was at once given a command, and began to hunt down the Filipinos. He fought as bravely and gallantly in the Philippines as he did in Cuba, capturing many rebel strongholds and considerable quantities of arms and ammunitions. He took a large number of prisoners and kept up such a tireless pursuit of the insurgents that they fled before him in terror. In fighting the Filipinos he used the same tactics that he had employed against the Indians in this country. He

allowed his troops to fight in Indian fashion, each man for himself, when occasion required; and he had the love and respect of every man in his command

General Lawton was specially thanked by President McKinley after his capture of San Isidro, where he led his men in person, as he almost invariably did. He was one of the bravest of men, and met a soldier's death in a skirmish at San Mateo, on December 18th, 1899.

When the news of General Lawton's death reached this country, the people quickly raised a fund, amounting to about one hundred thousand dollars, for his wife and children, as a token of their appreciation of his distinguished services. His remains were brought to the United States on a Government transport, and after lying in state at Fort Wayne and Indianapolis, Indiana, were laid to rest in Arlington Cemetery, near the city of Washington, D. C.

You will remember that our war with Spain began on April 21st, 1898, and that it ended with the signing of the peace protocol, on August 12th of the same year; but I hardly think you know what these one hundred and fourteen days cost this country.

The cost in men was two thousand, nine hundred and ten, and of these one hundred and seven were officers. The total force engaged was two hundred and seventy-four thousand, seven hundred and seventeen officers and men.

The cost in money was about $1,250,000 for each day

of the war, and if you reckon that up you will find that it amounts to an enormous sum of money.

The only American vessel that was lost was the collier Merrimac, which was sunk in Santiago harbor by our own navy.

Spain's losses will probably never be given out, for national pride will not permit her to publish the figures. We know, however, that she lost twelve cruisers, two torpedo-boat destroyers and twenty-one gunboats from her list of fighting ships. The value of Admiral Cervera's squadron, which was destroyed at Santiago, alone was $20,000,000. Besides capturing or destroying these war vessels, we took from Spain, during the war, twenty-four steam vessels, sixty-one sailing vessels and sixty-one lighters.

It is impossible to give Spain's losses in men, killed and wounded, but she surrendered to us in Cuba and the Philippines something more than thirty-nine thousand men. According to the terms of the capitulation at Santiago, this country sent nearly twenty-three thousand prisoners home to Spain.

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